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LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

[This poem is founded on a fact, witnessed by a friend of the author. A boy, when at the point of death, requested of his mother that she would give him something to keep for her sake.]

The brother of two sisters
Drew painfully his breath :
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.
The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek ;
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak.

He said, "The quiet moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
While all the woods were still :
I felt, as if from slumber
I never could awake :
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake !

"A cold, dead weight is on me,
A heavy weight, like lead ;
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed :
I am so tired, so weary—
With weariness I ache :
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake !

"Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep,
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But, then, their heads they shake :
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake !

"Why can't I see the poplars ?
Why can't I see the hill,
Where, dreaming of good angels,
The moonbeams lay so still !
Why can't I see you, mother ?
I surely am awake :
Oh, haste ! and give me something
To cherish for your sake !"

The little bosom heaves not ;
The fire hath left his cheek ;
The fine chord—is it broken ?
The strong chord—could it break ?
Ah, yes ! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd its flight away :
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

HYDROMANIA.

We are not of the number of those sneering cynics who wantonly throw cold water upon every novel project. We have great faith in the inventive faculty of man, and admire the versatile ingenuity of the human mind. We have indeed an affectionate predilection for water—in the main, and entertain the greatest respect for Sir Hugh Middleton.

We applaud the unadulterated and unexcisable spirit with which Priessnitz and Father Mathew carry on their operations, and regard them both as the great rectifiers of society. There is every prospect of their success ; for "There is a tide in the affairs of men," and they having both wisely "taken it at the flood," we have no doubt it will "lead to fortune." The war they wage against "publicans and sinners" goes on prosperously. The publicans are (blue) ruined, and must not only abandon their "bright and glittering palaces," but will soon be incapable of keeping a Boorn ! for the sinners, instead of pledging each other in a "quartern and three outs," or pledging their "duds," now pledge themselves !

Irish bogtrotters, who formerly could not boast a shoe to their "fat," now affect "pumps !"

It is said that the ladies, (dear creatures !) who are always inclined, like water-lilies, to bend with the stream, are about to give employment to the Spitalfields weavers in the manufacture of watered silks !

It is extraordinary the influence of the Apostle of Temperance. Many gentlemen who have been brought up to the Bar have lately been admitted to practice in the "Queen's Bench," being compelled to attend to the bailiff's tap instead of their own !

The word "still," in all modern editions of a dictionary, will be summarily explained as "quiet ;" for Father Mathew must candidly be regarded as a great engine, who has played with such effect upon the multitude, that the "still" distillatory must ultimately be still, and the "worm" cease to be regarded as the "worm that never dies !" The proverb that every Jack has his "gill" will be proved false, even among grog-loving sailors ; for all who "follow the

sea" will, no doubt, "take to the water" as naturally as web-footed fowl !—and the command to "splice the main brace" will be obliterated for ever from nautical slang-dictionary, and "all hands to the pumps !" generally substituted throughout the British navy.

It is said that "Every dog has his day," but the dog-days of Priessnitz and Father Mathew will not, of course, afford a single case of hydrophobia, or the dread of water ! By the law of Mahomet wine and spirits are only allowed to be dispensed medicinally, and, in like fashion, the doctors of England will alone be allowed a tap, and that will be for the dropsy !

At all events "water on the chest" will be very prevalent ! For our own part we confess our addiction to water, and, therefore, the "Apostle" will do us great injustice if he should blame us for making a butt of it !

The injurious custom of drinking healths, to the detriment of our own, will be abolished, obliterated, and forgotten, and

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Leave but a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine," &c. &c.

will, consequently, become a favourite duett, and all banquets water-parties. Fashion rules everything, and even has an influence upon the mob, who have become so vastly genteel, that they have latterly looked with contempt upon the vulgar brewer's dray, and now vie with each other in lauding a STANHOPE !

Those who were accustomed "to put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains" have abandoned their bibulous propensities, and now edify their comrades with orations upon the delights of temperance, pouring forth a stream of elquence like a water-spout ! Thin men are exhorted to abandon malt-liquor, and assured that by drinking water they will get stout. Fat men, that the pure element will diminish their shadows, and at the same time increase their substance ! Medical men already feel the influence of the prevailing fashion, the use of the new febrifuge of cold water* causing a rapid decline in the consumption of their drugs and chemicals.

Many among the lower orders were ignorant that they had livers, they are now enlightened by the Temperance and Teetotal orators, and, convinced by these "new lights," are determined to preserve their liver, and save their bacon !

Reader ! did you ever see a pond in a country-village, a pleasant nook, overshadowed by the green branches of spreading-trees, full of placidity and quiet, wherein a lot of snowy-plumaged ducks, with yellow bills and leggings, were floating over the still, dark waters. There is a tranquillity about such scenes that is almost sure to arrest the steps of the contemplative man.

How frequently have we dropped with a noiseless caution upon the green bank, and watched the motions of the web-footed water party, and regretted our ignorance of their language, for they "discoursed upon the water" with such philosophical gravity that we imagined there must be something in it ; but we could make nothing of it but—quack ! quack ! quack !

HAL WILLIS, Student at-Law.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY JOHN MORRISON.

The dining-room at Abbotsford is a very splendid and highly decorated apartment ; but certainly not in good taste. The roof or ceiling is divided into panels ; and at the corners are placed heads, and other grotesque figures, taken in plaster from those in Melrose Abbey, where, in their original position, they are placed sixty, seventy, and eighty feet from the eye, but at Abbotsford at fifteen or sixteen only, where the harshness of the features is not softened by distance. Mr. Bullock of London, made these casts of heads and figures, and otherwise gave his assistance and advice.

Sir Walter told us a strange tale one morning at breakfast. "My wife," said he, "awakened me at midnight, and declared that 'Mr. Bullock must be returned from London, for I hear him knocking in the dining-room.' I prevailed with her to fall asleep, for it must be all nonsense ; but she again awakened, and assured me that she not only heard his hammer knocking in the usual way, but heard him speak also. In order to satisfy her, I arose and examined the premises, but nothing was either to be seen or heard. On the second day after, a letter, sealed with black, arrived, stating that poor Bullock was dead,—mentioning the hour, which exactly agreed with the time he was heard in the dining-room by my wife."

I have heard other editions of this tale ; but what I have stated, I heard Sir Walter narrate.

The story of Lord Byron I have heard differently told than in the "Demonology ;" as if he had really seen the apparition of Byron ; and he saw it without fear, not recollecting that Byron was dead. And my strong impression was, that he believed he had seen the apparition of his friend, and that he intended to leave that impression on his hearers. His Gray Spectre in "Waverley," the White Lady of Avenel, and the Mermaid's Well in "The Bride of Lammermoor," with many other instances, are proofs that such impressions were strong on his mind.

Upon one occasion he said to me, "It is ill-advised, and has a bad tendency, to do away a system that connects us so closely with the other world. A believer in ghosts can never doubt the immortality of the soul ! Come," said Sir Walter, "to supper, and bring your friend, Grieve ; Hogg and Allister Dhu will be here to meet you. I wish that we could have Jameson ; but he has taken up ill-will to me. He wished to be librarian to the Advocates ; but the

* In Spain, long before Priessnitz was born, the efficacy of copious draughts of cold water was well known, and the remedy universally applied, and almost invariably with success.

affair was decided before his application:—explain this to him. Jameson's ghost stories are excellent:—

It was far in the night, and the bairnies grat,
Their mither aneath the mools heard that;
The wife stood up at our Lord's knee,
And said, 'O! may I gang my bairnies to see!
She pleaded sae sair, and she pleaded sae lang,
That he at last gied her leave to gang,
'But see ye come back ere the cock does crow,
For langer ye mauna bide awa.'

"Grieve," said I, "is ill, and cannot come." Mr. Scott, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Campbell, and myself, made the party. We were sufficient of ourselves to fill the country with ghosts. "It is reported," said Mr. Hogg, that you saw the spectre of Byron."—"I did so, to the wonder of mine eyes that looked upon it. It was in the dusk of the evening. I saw the figure of Lord Byron exactly as I last parted with him in London. I was so suddenly taken by surprise that I had not time to recollect that he was dead, and went forward, with my hand stretched out, to welcome him to Abbotsford. But it vanished; and I stood for some time in wonder and disappointment, till I recollected that he was dead."—"I never," said I, "knew any good coming of seeing ghosts and dreaming dreams: the ghost of Hamlet is fatal to his son's happiness, and is the cause of his death; the Gray Spectre comes as an enemy to Mac-Ivor."

"I have one exception. The White Lady," said Mr. Hogg, "of Froud Water did some service. The stream of that name falls into the Tweed, a short distance above the Bield Inn, on the opposite side of the river. Two or three miles up the burn there is a shepherd's house, with some aged trees. One fine summer evening, the shepherd and his family were assembled to supper, except a bairn, who came running into the house and said, 'O come out and see the most beautiful lady in the world, dressed all in white, and walking down the water-side.' The family all hurried out; and just as the last person had cleared the door, the house fell with a great crash, and would have killed them every one. 'This story,' added he, 'is perfectly true, and happened in my own recollection. My brother William, now lives in the house.'—"It was an honest ghost," said Sir Walter. "Let us have a round of ghosts."—"I have dreamed dreams," said Mr. Campbell. And he told us a dream he had had of the death of his daughter, which came exactly to pass. "I think nothing of dreams," said Hogg. "Come, Morrison, let us have a ghost."—"I once," said I, "made an engagement with a friend, that whoever died first should, if permitted, return and tell the secrets of his prison-house. I saw him die, and felt the last beat of his pulse, and proceeded immediately to the place of appointment; a most retired spot, where we had often sat and talked of the narrow house. It was dark, about two o'clock in the morning; but nothing came. I remained till it was fair day; so that it is not my fault that I have no ghost tale to tell you. But I can tell you a tale told me by a lady who had it from her own brother, who told it to her on his death-bed. He was in a ship of war with a fleet, and lieutenant. It was night, and a very particular friend of his was on the watch; he came into the cabin very pale, and declared that he had seen a ghost. 'I saw a lady whom I left in Portsmouth under particular circumstances, dead, with a child in her arms.'—"Return to your watch," said his friend, 'it is imagination only.' He did return; but rushed down the hatchway in greater terror than ever, and said that she was still standing where he had first seen her. He soon after died. Mr. Stewart, for that was the gentleman's name, made a note of the day and hour, and found, on his return to England, the lady had died in child-bed exactly at the time that she made her appearance in the ship."

On a ride with Sir Walter Scott, to call on his relation Mr. Scott of Raeburn, we visited the Eildon Tree, which is from two to three miles distant from any property belonging to Sir Walter.—"I have small hope," said he, "of ever stretching my wings so far as this same Eildon Tree; but if ever it should come into the market, I will have a hit at it."

On this ride he was in excellent humour; and from the commanding site of the Eildon Tree, he pointed down towards Old Melrose.—"There," said he, "tradition says, fell Richard of Coldingham, by the hand of the Baron of Smailholm."

"They would not have very far to carry him," said I, "for he was buried here."

That knight is cold, and low laid in the mould
All under the Eildon Tree."

"You have a good memory," said he, "Morrison; go on."—And I repeated the ballad to the end. On the other side of the Tweed we saw Bemerside and Smailholm Tower.

"You must go and make me a drawing of Smailholm Tower," said Sir Walter. "You will think it but a poor thing after the towers and castles which you have seen; but I passed some of my early days there, when I thought it the grandest object in the world." This drawing I made a few days after our return.

I found Mr. Scott of Raeburn a very reverend old gentleman. We recognised each other, having met some time before on the summit of the Eildon Hills, where he had come, he said, to take his farewell. "My relative, Raeburn, is a great antiquary," said Sir Walter, "and would be gratified to look into your portfolio." On our return, we repassed the Eildon Tree, which is near the roadside, and whose site is now occupied by an old hawthorn, very different from the dorn or dark tree of True Thomas. "I would have a clump of trees planted here," said he; "oak, plane, and others; to afford shelter to the Throstle and the Jay."

Ye mawes moyde of her sang,
Ye woodwale sange notis gay,
That all ye wood about rang.

And I would have a flagstone, broad and long, with an appropriate inscription."

I observed, that Fernielee, in his own composition, is pressed into the service. In the old tale, Fair-lee is the trysting-place, where the Fairy Queen desires True Thomas to meet her, and not Fernie-lee; which, if the hunting-ground, they must have had a long ride to dinner to the Tower of Ercildoun, the Rhymer's residence.

This was one of the most delightful days I ever passed.

This was the year of the mock rebellion in the West, and the skirmish at Bonnymuir. Sir Walter was seriously alarmed. The East Country cavalry were out, and quartered at Kilmarnock and other suspected places. Many of his friends were among the cavalry, for whose safety he was interested.

Although in the confidence of the Tory faction, I cannot think that he was in the secret, for he believed the business real. His heart would have revolted at the base plot of getting up a mock rebellion in order to support a corrupt

ministry at the expense of blood. He lamented the fate of the sufferers; for, in such cases, he foresaw that much innocent as well as guilty blood would be shed; nor did he approve of the execution of Hardie and Baird at Stirling. "But the law could not save them," said he; "they were taken with arms in their hands, fighting against the king's forces."

There is at present a monument about to be built by subscription to their memories, as having died martyrs in the cause of Freedom.

I mentioned the horror which was felt by the people at the execution of the poor, old, half-witted man Wilson, in Glasgow, who was incapable of forming any plot; that, when apprehended, Wilson was found tatching a house; and that the only crime laid to his charge was carrying bread and cheese to some meeting of weavers on the Cathkin hills, in his own neighbourhood. At his execution, he was apprehended. When the hangman was about to fasten the rope round his neck, poor Wilson said, "It is no possible:—ye can never be in earnest to hang me that never did ill to ony-body!" After having hung some time, a person in a mask sprung on the scaffold, and cut off the head, in order that nothing might be wanting to complete the horrible farce. "It was," said Sir Walter, "a fearful business, and carried much too far."

"At the time of the riots at Tranent," he related, "I was in the Mid-Lothian cavalry. After some review or other duty, on returning to Edinburgh we were much hissed by the rabble, and a fellow from a house-top threw a stone which hit me betwixt the shoulders, slightly. I could have easily brought him down with my pistol or carbine; and such was my first impulse. 'But no,' quoth I, 'I will not deface the image of my Maker.' Such was his awe, forbearance, and tenderness of heart."

He proposed raising a volunteer regiment,—"And you, Morrison, must be our engineer."

"That," said I, "depends on circumstances; I will, if I think you are in the right; if not, I will be of the other party. I am a Whig and a Cameronian."

"We must secure you at all events, either as a friend or foe; as, from your knowledge of the country, you would be a dangerous subject in the enemy's camp."

Once, on walking into his study, I observed a portrait hanging up. "You are," said he, "admiring the portrait of the Great Dundee."—"In Galloway," said I, "he is better known by the title of the *Bloody Clavers*." The author of Old Mortality could never have drawn from this picture; it is red-haired, squints, and has an unnatural length between the nose and the chin, and well accords with the countenance my father used to describe from the account of his old acquaintance Joseph Robson, who saw Claverhouse attending the murder of two martyrs on the sands of Dumfries. He rode his horse along the coping of a parapet wall built to guard off the waters of the Nith in time of floods; and when the horse had arrived at one end, he wheeled round on one of his hind legs as on a pivot, repeating the same manœuvre. His arms were long, and reached to his knees, his hair red or frizzly, and his look altogether diabolical. Such could never be the face that "painters would love to lunn and ladies to look on."

"Your father and his acquaintance were Whigs, and drew a distorted picture."—"The painter there," said I, "has done the same."

THE MASTER-PASSION: A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS." [Continued.]

We must now go back for a month or more, and account for what may appear doubtful in the circumstances of this case.

The very day after the Sunday on which Julie made her *premiere communion* Balmat began a series of operations, all intended to lead to the result which produced the painful scene just recorded. He took his way to the mountain end wandered far into the recess of that mighty series of ravine and rock which lies beyond Montanvert, and between the Mer de Glace, and the stupendous bases of that granite pyramid called the *Aiguille de Chamoy*. Accustomed from early life to those intricate paths, he went quickly on, and soon surmounted the first slight obstacles which seem so formidable to lowland travellers. After a two hours' walk he arrived at the spot previously fixed on for the scene of the labours, which he now commenced in earnest.

It was in a small deep glen, ramparted with huge piles of granite, so sequestered, and so nearly inaccessible, that no cowherd ever led his cattle to feed in its rich pasturage, and it was rare indeed that even an adventurous botanist ever rifled it of the Alpine plants which profusely covered its sides. The ruins of a small chalet, which had with its inmates been destroyed by an avalanche several years before, was the only work of man in this wild spot. That catastrophe and the superstitious belief attached to it, kept the native mountaineers away, and even the guides from the valley who led strangers to view more beaten but less beautiful scenes, carefully avoided a descent into "the haunted gorge"—the name by which this oasis was known.

Gabriel Balmat, with the prompt vigour which characterizes men like him when they have one important object in view, fell to work, on this first visit, to clear away the interior obstructions which made the ruined chalet quite uninhabitable. After a whole day's labour he found he had done almost nothing, and he was moreover convinced that small progress could be made until he was provided with sufficient instruments to effect his purpose. A pick-axe, hatchet, spade, and shovel, were absolutely necessary, and these he procured in the valley, and conveyed at intervals to the scene of his secret doings.

By constant application, he in a few days succeeded in making the dilapidated hut assume a habitable look, and he brought up from time to time, unobserved and unsuspected, various articles of domestic use, and a few even of ornament somewhat incongruous with the aspect of the place. A table and a bench, just large enough for two persons, were roughly hewn out of some recovered planks; a couch, of dimensions suited to one, and that of small growth, was constructed of the same materials, and covered with moss and leaves, over which was spread a coverlid, white as the snowy mantle of the eternal peaks around.

A few books, meant for the capacity of a child, and some well-daubed prints just fit for rustic taste, lay on the table, or were nailed against the walls. Branches of pine wood, ready for firing, lay in the chimney of the one room thus made habitable. A few cooking utensils and necessaries were ranged on a couple of shelves. The roof was repaired with care and skill, and from the light sods which covered the branches forming each patch, tufts of many-coloured flowers sent forth odours which the perfumed saloons of a palace could not rival. To complete the internal comforts of the place, a soft, thick carpet, of the same materials as the couch, concealed the inequalities and the hardness of the floor, and a web of printed cotton was fastened in gay festoons across the window space, which, be it mentioned, was without glass or frame, but defended by cross bars of pine branches, so closely and so firmly nailed together, that the light was admitted through spaces scarcely wide enough to allow the passage of a Hercules that could have wrenched those defences away. Two old boxes,

dug out of the ruins, cleaned, lined, and differently filled, lay ready for the use of the intended occupant. The door was renewed, placed on its hinges once more, and provided with a solid lock. And thus did Gabriel Balmat finish the construction for this mountain prison, this romantic cage, to which he meant to commit, in pursuance of his strange experiment, a being of as innocent, as virtuous, and as original a mind as ever roamed in the wild freedom of the Alps.

Having actually completed his laborious task of preparation, he looked around the little chamber thus snatched into renewed existence, as he sat one evening on the moss-covered bench, shone upon by the beams of the setting sun which streamed gloriously through the wooden bars of the window.

"Well! the work is done," soliloquised Balmat, "and a hard job it was. How odd it is that I should have made so light of all this labour for the sake of a simple child, that I would not have undertaken for all the finest women in the world. Nor for the proudest men neither. Men and women! No, by the glorious sun and the bright heavens he shines in, I would not do a day's work to save the created world—except little Julie!—for I am resolved to make her an exception, and something tells me that she will love me after all. I wonder if she will like all this—if she will take a fancy to this home, to this house of houses—if she will be satisfied with what I have done for her—if she will love me in short! Well," continued he, after a pause, "well, this is a curious world we live in, and men and women are curious things—that's certain. Here am I now, alone like the first man, looking out as it were for the creation of a being who can be a second self to me—who can at least sympathize with and let me love her. What an odd thing it is that this little girl is the only person that I ever took the least fancy to, and that I should have felt a repugnance to every other being I ever knew—ay, even old Jeannette is disagreeable to me, if I don't actually hate her, and I suppose I should hate her like the rest if I didn't find her absolutely necessary to me."

Again he paused in thought, then continued:

"Well, it is not my fault that nature framed my mind after this fashion. But after all I doubt if I differ much from the others. I firmly believe that they detest each other quite as much as I abhor them, only that they have more cunning in hiding their feelings, and I more courage in acting on mine. Are they not all filled with hatred and malice and uncharitableness? Out on them! Mankind is, after all, an odious combination. It is a great point gained for me to have fallen accidentally on one living thing that I can love without envying, and wish well to without selfishness. Such I verily believe is little Julie to me—but what shall I be to her? Ay, there's the rub! We shall see, we shall see, and quickly."

These and the like trains of reflections constantly passed through the wayward mind of this strange man. There are probably few people who have not at times had flitting notions like those shooting across their brain. But whether it is the "cunning" that Gabriel thought of, or a higher feeling of conscientious indulgence for that unworthiness of which every one feels himself to be a part, it is lucky for the world that individuals who despise their fellows quite as much as he did, most frequently make a tacit compromise with them, in consideration of their own imperfections. This is the great instinct of conservatism which keeps civilized men on decent terms with each other. Without it we should all be Gabriel Balmats, deprived perhaps of even the one redeeming trait of tenderness which led him to his solitary work, and me to this digression.

Gabriel had never in his life felt so proud and buoyant as during the three weeks of secret labour just described; and when all was over, and he proceeded with a bold light step down towards Chamouni, after the soliloquy above recorded, he enjoyed all the excitement of one who feels that he has laid a foundation on which to build a fabric of fortune, fame, or happiness. Yet he had, as has been seen, some misgivings as to what Julie might have felt towards him and his doings, but he never had a qualm as to the suffering he was about to inflict on her parents. He had, therefore, just enough of uncertainty to give a zest to his hopes, and none of the anticipated remorse which might have turned them into pain.

It must be here remarked, that Balmat had followed up the momentary church-door glance of acquaintanceship by two or three stolen peeps at Julie, observed only by her, while she sported about her father's mill of an evening, with the little herd of goats and children under her care. On one of these occasions he even spoke to her from behind a rock, to which he crept quite unperceived by her human play-fellows. A very few words passed between them on this occasion; but a great advance was made in their intercourse by two or three sentences. He asked her if she would walk with him one evening up the mountain. She cheerfully assented.

"And you will not be afraid to trust yourself with me?" said Balmat.

"I am not afraid of any thing," answered Julie.

And such was the positive truth. She was a child of most intrepid spirit. There was a dash of adventurous courage in her character, that would have been almost unfeminine had it not been tempered by a generous and gentle spirit, essentially and wholly womanly.

CHAP. V.

It was about a week after this snatched conversation that Balmat finished his work; and it was on the very evening that her prison was prepared for her, that he had the particular luck of meeting Julie alone on a path leading towards the *Glacier des Bois*, and down which he was coming, in that elastic mood before described. It seemed as if she met him purposely, or as if fate had thrown her in his way.

"Why, Julie! how is this?" asked he, stopping short from sheer surprise, so strong as to check for a moment the current of pleasant feeling which this sudden meeting might have been thought to have confirmed.

Before Julie could reply, Balmat had more than recovered his previous tone. He glowed with one of the purest and finest feelings of which man is susceptible. He was for the first time in his life unrestrictedly alone with the only human being for whom he ever knew a sentiment of kindness. Brothers who grow up, or fathers who (alas!) grow down, with this everyday indulgence, can know little of the hearty rapture which this rude and ruffian man now revelled in. He was too uncivilized to refine or fritter it away. He spoke not a word; but holding little Julie by the two hands, he looked down on her face, which beamed brightly in the twilight mist, and unconscious of what was working within him, he felt the warm drops chasing each other on his cheeks, as he strove to wink away the dimming bubbles from his eyes. Imagine the intense luxury of a first flood of tears, in mature manhood, and from excess of pleasure in such a mind as Balmat's. The prophet's wand did not work a greater miracle nor touch so pure a source.

"What makes you weep, Monsieur Balmat? Are you unhappy?" asked Julie, with a compassionate voice.

"No, indeed, I am not," said he quickly: "far from it my little friend; and I know not why I shed those foolish tears—the first I ever shed. But do tell me how it happened that I meet you here, so late in the evening, and alone?"

"Oh, I'll tell you that. My father is gone to Martigny, not to be home till morning; mamma is watching poor little Florent; the other children are in bed fast asleep, and Madelon, the servant girl, is gone to Chamouni to see her sick aunt; so I thought I would walk out a little farther than usual; nor ever since you spoke to me about it, I am longing to go high up into the mountains."

"And you really are not afraid of being alone?"

"No."

"Nor being with me?"

"Oh! no, no, I like to be with you."

"How very extraordinary—that is?" exclaimed Balmat, half aloud, and half to himself, for he could scarcely believe it possible that an exception existed to the repugnance and dread he knew himself to inspire.

"Did no one see you leaving the house?" was his next question.

"No one. They think I am asleep by this time."

"Then since you are not afraid of me, shall we now take the walk we talked of?"

"Yes, if you like it. But will you bring me back home again?"

Balmat paused a moment, then answered,

"Yes, certainly."

"Because you know papa and mamma might be uneasy about me."

"To be sure they might," said Balmat; but Julie did not see the devilish smile that accompanied the words.

And so they walked along, back on that path which was perfectly new to Julie, and which her companion had little expected to retread so soon.

Nothing could exceed the affectionate manner in which Balmat conversed with his young companion. It seemed as if the long-prisoned kindness, which exists in the roughest nature, like honey drops in some unseemly weed, had been garnered up to sweeten that mountain *tête-à-tête*.

Julie, on her part, was still more animated than he. Happily for her she had not reached the age when sensibility is purchased at the price of anxiety and pain. But all enjoyments must be paid for one way or another; and that, like the rest, is worth its price. Our little heroine seemed to have taken, and indeed she had taken, a new step in life. The monotony of her former existence was broken, and she had reached one of those epochs so important in the career of every one, but which so many pass heedlessly over at the time, and lose the sight and almost the memory of at more advanced periods. From this evening, if Julie reckoned rightly in after life, she might calculate a whole host of sentiments that sprang at that moment into being.

As they wound their way up the rugged path, daylight had entirely disappeared—unobserved by the wanderers; but the moon streamed out its radiance, and the grass and the wild flowers glittered like liquid diamonds, in the dew. The awful rocks piled perpendicularly up, the sloping glacier, and the deep masses of snow that crowned the hills, tinted with shades of violet coloured light, wore a hue of supernal brilliancy. Frothy cascades floated here and there down the sides of the gray granite, and the murmur they sent out suited with the fairy aspect of the scene. The magnificent desolation, the mighty solitude through which she wandered, filled Julie's mind with a holy wonderment. She seemed to have reached another, a loftier, a more ethereal world. She felt like a being of the clouds. Her soul was wrapped in folds of enchantment. But she attempted to give no expression to her delight. Young as she was, she had tact enough to perceive that her companion had no sympathy with her vague rapture, and that any talk about it would have been but a check and an intrusion.

Balmat, the while, talked on; and Julie answered frankly and fearlessly every question which he put, and every remark he made. She was quite at her ease, and as familiar as he could desire with him. But she was too much impressed with awe at those far-hidden depths of romance to breathe even a word of the wonder with which she gazed around. Such was the double state of feeling inspired by this her first acquaintanceship with the ways of man and the mysteries of nature.

They reached the rebuilt hut. Balmat opened the door. Julie unhesitatingly entered; and when he struck a light from his tinder-box, and lighted the lamp which he had left ready trimmed on the table, she for whom his elaborate preparations were made, looked round with a pleased astonishment, which repaid him amply for all.

"Julie," said Balmat, "every thing that you see here is yours—your own—the house, and all that it contains."

What an announcement for an ambitious and independent-minded child! Julie, in her turn, wept plentiful tears of joy.

"Yes, Julie, every thing; you are not only tenant but proprietor; just as much as your father is of his mill, as I of mine. And look here," continued Balmat, opening one of the boxes, and taking out two or three dresses which he had bought at random in a neighbouring village; "and see, here are needles, and thread, and other materials ready to alter them if they do not fit you quite; for I know what a good workwoman you are, and how you make your own clothes and your sister's as well. And see here, and here," as at each new word he produced shoes and stockings, and a silk handkerchief, and other little articles of finery, which he laid out on the table, with the air of a shopman tempting a customer.

"And have you bought all these beautiful things for me?" asked Julie, through sobs and smiles.

"Yes, I have bought them for you, my little friend, and I am glad—very glad, to see you so pleased with them."

"Oh, it is not with them I am so pleased—though they are all very beautiful—but with you, Monsieur Balmat. How good you are! Oh, I wish my father and mother were here to see all this, and they would think very differently of you from what they do think."

"Well, well, let us not talk of them now."

And a frown, a slight one, passed over Gabriel's brow as he spoke.

"No, not now, another time, many another time, we must talk of them; for I am resolved to make you like each other."

"Very well, very well, we shall see that, Julie."

"We shall see it, certainly," echoed the child.

And it was strange that Balmat listened rather pleasedly than the contrary to a tone of decision completely adverse to his wishes and opinions.

The second box contained a slight store of provisions, bread, cheese, dried meat, eggs, and the like. A delicious spring ran, as in most Alpine chalets, close to the house, and was turned into it, and enclosed in a wooden frame, forming a constant stream, for the purpose of keeping the milk-pails cool, and their contents fresh and sweet.

The little rivulet had trickled and gurgled on for years, as though it mocked the desolation through which it took its course, but it was not furnished with the wonted contents of former times. Julie had not yet obtained the luxury of fresh milk in her retreat.

After every separate treasure had been carefully examined by the new "pro-

prietor," the pictures and the books particularly, Julie, as if struck by a sudden thought, fixed her eyes on her companion, and asked him,

"And what am I to do with all these things Monsieur Balmat? For what purpose have you fitted up this place so nicely?"

"Why, for your comfort and convenience, my dear little Julie; you are to enjoy yourself here, and to make use of all these things to amuse and occupy you."

"But you are going to take me back home? You told me so."

"And I will keep my word, but not to-night, Julie."

"I thought as much," said she, with a reflective, but by no means a reproachful or a frightened air.

"Will you be afraid to pass the night here, Julie?"

"Not in the least; provided you will let my parents know in the morning that I am safe and well."

"Are you sure that you can be content to sleep here alone?"

"Quite sure; and I shall like it beyond every thing, if you will promise me that you will remove my father's uneasiness at my absence from home."

"You shall do that yourself," said Gabriel, producing pen, ink, and paper, and Julie wrote at his dictation two lines, in her childish and rudely-formed, but bold and original hand, just to say that she was perfectly safe and very happy.

Gabriel folded and wafered the missive, and promised the writer that it should be safely delivered at the mill the next morning.

"And now, Julie," said he, "it is time for supper," and she perfectly agreeing with him, they set about preparing their homely repast, with appetites sharpened by the new and wild excitement they respectively enjoyed.

Never was supper eaten with more zest; and the running spring, in temperate draughts of which they pledged each other's health, was not more animated than her feelings, nor more pure than his.

The business of the table over an increasing degree of spirit entered into the conversation, which flowed on uninterrupted, except once or twice, when the loud crash of an avalanche echoed like thunder through the moonlit glen. The sound was familiar to Julie's ears, for the frequent fall of the ice-blocks of the Mer de Glace was within close hearing of her paternal home.

"Not sleepy yet, Julie?" said Balmat, after full two hours' chat on many subjects of local and domestic interest, and perceiving through the open door that the moon had shifted its position far to the westward, as if to make room for the sunbeams that were ere long to follow the same track.

"Sleepy! no, indeed; it would be a shame for me to get tired of talking with you, who have done so much to make me happy."

"You must go to rest, notwithstanding, to enable you to enjoy all this the better. Tell me, then, before I leave you for the night—what is there you wish for besides?"

Oh, nothing—except the black-spotted goat, for I am sure she will miss me at sunrise, and be very unhappy."

Balmat smiled.

"Now then, I must wish you good night, my little *propriétaire*," said he, rising. "I hope you will sleep well, and have nice dreams, and that I shall find you refreshed and in good spirits in the morning. I shall be with you early."

"And you will not forget the letter for papa?"

"No, no, you may depend on that."

"Well now, before you leave me, you will answer me one question, my good Monsieur Balmat?" asked Julie, with an arch and earnest air.

"Let me hear it first."

"Then why did you take all this wonderful trouble with this beautiful little place, and for what purpose have you brought me here?"

"That makes two questions, Julie," said Balmat, kissing her forehead and smiling; "and if you are a good girl I will answer them both together, to-morrow morning at breakfast."

A few words more of advice to her not to be alarmed at any unusual sounds she might hear during the night, and assurances of perfect safety from any intrusion, with some replies of confidence and satisfaction on her part, closed the colloquy, and the two friends separated; she to stretch herself on her romantic couch, and he, after carefully locking the door outside and carrying off the key, to wend his way once more along the often trodden path towards Chamouni.

But this was not the last time of his tracing the same road that night. Buoyed up by the intense fancy that had taken possession of his mind, and making light of trouble or fatigue where the pleasure of its object was in question, he proceeded to the outhouse in Paul Correyer's farmyard, where the goats were tethered, and carefully selecting the favourite mentioned by Julie, he muzzled it with his handkerchief, so as to prevent an alarm, and at intervals carrying it, leading it by a piece of cord, brought with him for the purpose, or driving it along, he retraced every step of the two hours' road till he reached the chalet again, and he fastened the animal to one of the window-bars, with sufficient length of cord to enable it to browse plentifully on the abounding herbage that grew close to the walls.

Gabriel was, perhaps, in a great measure induced to this enterprise as well by the wish to astonish and delight his little favourite, as by having a good excuse for coming up again to see how she had become reconciled to her prison. He accordingly peeped in through the window-bars (for it was now clear daylight), and he had the pleasure of seeing her fast asleep on the little couch.

He was soon again on the road, and on gaining the valley, he first went to the village, where not a soul was yet stirring, and popping Julie's letter into the little receiving box at the post-office, he sought his home, with a free conscience and a light heart. What followed is already known to the reader.—(To be continued.)

MILITARY ANECDOTES, WITH SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILKIE.

In the Grecian Archipelago, and in the group called Sporades, stands the small island of Iero, once a dependency of the Isle of Rhodes, when occupied by the Knights of Malta. At the period when Solymán the Magnificent was bringing all his forces to bear against the Order, this island had for its governor a young Italian knight of the name of Simeoni; but there were no soldiers to assist in the defence of the island, only a few inhabitants who served as militia, when the Turks landed and attacked the walls of the castle, in which they had already made a breach. The young Governor, to put a good face on the matter, dressed up all the inhabitants and their wives in what had the appearance of the uniform of the Knights, with the white cross in front, and they were planted in great numbers, as if to defend the breach. The Turks, imagining

that a reinforcement had landed in the night, became panic-struck, and raised the siege.

During the war of *la Fronde*, in the minority of Louis XIV., the small town and fort of Fecamp, a few miles to the eastward of Havre, were taken by the royalists. As this contest was got up to gratify the ambition of one or two high families, it had little hold on the interests of the people in general, consequently, of all the civil wars we have heard of, this was truly the most *civil*; in place of cutting the prisoners' throats, as is the custom in like cases, the garrison was only disarmed and turned out. Among those so expelled, was an officer of the name of Boissrose, who had well studied the nature of the place he had just left, and who contrived to get two soldiers, on whom he could depend, to pretend disgust at the service of the league, and be admitted as part of the new garrison. Knowing that in a place recently captured, good watch would be kept, the only hope he had of surprising the garrison was by the point where they were the most secure, the face that looked towards the sea, above which it was elevated six hundred feet on a perpendicular rock, whose base was only accessible at low water of spring tides. He had agreed with the two soldiers before-mentioned to give them a signal, and one of them was always to be on the watch at the period of low water. At length, taking advantage of a very dark night, Boissrose came with fifty men in two large boats to the foot of the rock as the tide was falling; having made the concerted signal, a rope was lowered down by the men, to which was made fast a cable brought for the purpose, having at intervals strong pieces of stick thrust between the strands, and secured by fastenings, to serve as steps to this ladder of new construction, which was hoisted up by the confederates, and secured by an iron crow bar in a staple in the ramparts, prepared for the purpose. Having given the lead to two Sergeants, on whose courage he thought he could depend, and having made his men sling their firelocks over their shoulders, he caused them to mount in succession, himself bringing up the rear. A Sicilian monk, who had given absolution at the foot of the ladder to a man who was about to be hanged, concluded by the exhortation, "*Montate la scala allegrement*;" it would have been nearly as applicable in the Fecamp case; before they got half way up, the tide had flowed in and carried their boats away, setting the end of the cable afloat, which having nothing to stay it below, floated backwards and forwards with these military birds on their perches; to advance was as bad as a retreat, and it was no particular consolation, the reflection that all their lives depended on the fidelity of the two men above them. This trial of the nerves was too much for the leading Sergeant, who came to a stand still, and brought the whole column to a halt; the cause was soon made known to the officer, who clambered with infinite labour over the shoulders of the men until he reached the rear of the defaulter, when drawing his poniard he pricked him in the legs, giving him the alternative of advancing, or being killed where he was. This *argumentum ad hominem* was enough; the Sergeant stepped out, the whole party gained the ramparts before daybreak, when they instantly put to death the sentries and guards, and got possession of the fort.

The execution of Governor Wall, for having flogged a soldier to death, will be recollected. There was at that time in London a Major Foster of the 1st West India Regiment, who perfectly resembled the Governor in remarkable stature, gait, and feature; he was present at the trial, and was obliged to confess to himself, that he saw before him an "*alter ego*." The day after the execution, the Major dressed himself exactly as he heard the deceased culprit had appeared on the melancholy occasion, and took a walk in the neighbourhood of Newgate, to the great terror of all those who saw him, and had been present at the execution. I recollect well a caricature, which is, I dare say, to be found amongst collections of that nature, representing a fish-woman dropping her basket at the apparition; and the title of it was "Governor Wall's ghost."

The Major having an appointment to meet a friend at the St. James's Coffee-house, had rode in from some distance on a wet day; he had on what was called in those days a "dreadnought," which looked something like a magnified witney blanket coat steeped in tobacco-juice, a slouched hat, a pair of mud overalls, and a large hunting whip in his hand. He was nearly six feet and a half in height, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, and wore spectacles. The advent of such a figure created much surprise among a group of dandies collected around the fire; they began to whisper with each other, with the evident design of extracting some fun out of such an uncouth-looking animal. Their intended victim most likely guessed their thoughts, for, throwing his whip on the table with some force, he stripped off his dreadnought, which he hung over one of the rails, rang the bell, and sat down, stretching his long limbs half-way across the floor. When the waiter answered the bell, he was asked if there were any new publications in the house? "Publications, sir, publications! I really don't know of any." "Well, then," said his interrogator, "bring me the Newgate Calendar; it's the only guide by which a country gentleman can discover his friends."

I was in the coffee-room at the Crown Inn in Portsmouth when this eccentric personage asked the waiter some question, to which he, hurried for time, gave a short and somewhat impertinent reply. As he left the room at the same time, Major Foster waited quietly until he returned, when, beckoning to him to come near, he took him by the lapel of his coat, and said to him, "Do you know, my honest man, that you are a particularly lucky fellow to live on a ground-floor?" "Why so, sir?" said the astonished waiter. "Because if you had lived up-stairs, I would have thrown you out of the window for your late impertinent speech." The man of napkins taking a glance at the sinewy and gaunt figure of his detainer, and having no wish to make an exit through a window even on the ground-floor, made the fullest apology.

One more anecdote of him, which I have had from two or three persons. The Major joined his regiment in the West Indies at the time of the greatest mortality from the yellow fever. The officers, anxious to keep off the thoughts of death, with which they were surrounded, used to "keep it up" at the mess, and afterwards repair to each other's rooms to smoke, drink, and sup. They had often teased Foster to give them something of the kind in his room, of which he fought shy. At last he said, "I'm not in the habit of sporting suppers, but I will give you to-morrow evening a bit of cold meat and a glass of grog." The next evening, after dinner, they were all on the alert, resolved to give the Major a benefit. They went up to his room, full of mirth and fun. On opening the door, they observed a coffin, such as the men were buried in, on tressels, and close to it a table with the cloth laid: knives, forks, plates, mustard, vinegar, and pickles. "I promised you some cold meat, my lads, fall to." The room was clear in a twinkling, not one remaining even to examine whether there was anything in the coffin or not.

The possession of children does not prove a very valid plea for promotion. An officer who was in the same regiment with me, went up to the Duke of York in the street of Portsmouth, and put a memorial into his hands, which his Royal Highness opened, and read as he walked along. Calling for the officer, who had fallen in the rear, he said, "Mr. S—, I see that in this paper the only claim you have for promotion is being the father of four children. I beg leave to say

that I never gave you any directions to get married." And with that gave him back his memorial.

In one of Capt. Marryat's novels much merriment is produced by the *bona fide* answer of Peter Simple to the question, "How are you off for soap?" The origin of this phrase was this: during the years 1796-7 there was no depot in the Isle of Wight, and all the officers going out to join their regiments remained in Portsmouth; there were to be added the garrisons of Portsmouth and Hilsca barracks, with visitors from Gosport, &c. Large fleets were almost always at Spithead, and outward-bound convoys waiting for a wind, so that the streets of that famous garrison were actually filled with officers of both Services. The young ladies who chose Portsmouth as a rural retreat during summer, seeing scarce anything else, entertained a sociable sort of regard for, and familiarity with, those whom they were in the constant habit of meeting, and saluted them accordingly. If it was a red coat, "How are you, *sodger* officer?" If a blue jacket, "How are you, officer?" By constant repetition of this latter phrase, and by a slight elision, it was corrupted into, "How are you off for soap?" At the time when this was in vogue, there arrived a lordling, who joined one of the ships as Midshipman; after being initiated in the mysteries of the cockpit, he set out one day with a large party of his shipmates to have a "lark" in the direction of Fareham, Wickham, &c. They had taken luncheon about two o'clock, and returned to Portsmouth late in the evening, with appetites much sharpened by the excursion. While part of them lounged about the streets, and others went up to their bed-rooms, the task of ordering supper was left to the senior of the party, a Master's Mate; although not a great epicure, he resolved to give his comrades a treat, by ordering what was both substantial and savoury. When the party reassembled, the supper served up, and the cover taken off, there appeared a large dish of beefsteaks, garnished with onions. At sight of this reflection, the young noble started back in dismay, and exclaimed, "What! beefsteaks and onions, a supper for a Lord!" This phrase soon found its way to the *pavé*, and superseded, for a time, as a cant expression, "How are you off for soap?" The interesting persons alluded to, who gave it expression, delivered the words in a tragic tone, and with a theatrical start, in saying, "What! beefsteaks and onions, supper for a Lord!"

The subject of duelling having been of late much before the public, may give perhaps some interest to the following. Two young officers, at the depot in the Isle of Wight, had a quarrel, and the consequence was, a hostile meeting, in which one of the parties was killed. The opposite party, with his second, fully confiding in the assurance that everything was fair and honourable, surrendered for trial. The second of the party that had fallen, after doing all that was requisite, went away; as well as I recollect he went on board a transport, in which he had a passage to the West Indies. There was no search for him, and he might have remained unmolested; but having seen in the paper that the trial of the two other officers was to take place in Winchester, he immediately thought that his evidence would be much in favour of the accused. Acting, like many of his Irish countrymen, on the impulse of the moment, he set off for Winchester, without consulting anybody, and totally ignorant of running any personal risk. He arrived in court, and stated that he had come to give evidence in favour of the prisoners; but had hardly time to give his name, when he was taken into custody, placed in the dock amongst the prisoners, an indictment made out against him, evidence adduced, the judge's charge given, and the jury brought in their verdict of guilty, almost before he had time to recover his senses. When it came to his turn, and he was asked if he had any reason to show why sentence of death should not be passed on him! he looked up at Sir Vicary Gibbs, who was the judge, and replied, "Really, my Lord, I don't know what to say; but sure it's very hard when I was on my way to join my regiment in the West Indies, to be stopped here to be hanged!" Honest, good-hearted fellow, he was not hanged, but allowed to join his regiment, and may be alive to-day, for aught I know to the contrary, as his name has escaped my memory.

When the discussion brought on in Parliament by Sir Francis Burdett, on the subject of corporal punishment, had excited much attention in the public generally, and was naturally one of first-rate interest in military circles, the officers assembled on the parade of the depot at Winchester were discussing the topic with much animation; the Adjutant (afterwards Captain,) Moyle, of the 67th, listened for some time with great composure to all the remarks that were made; at length much to the surprise of some of the youngsters, he said, "Sir Francis Burdett may say what he likes about flogging, but I never was worth a d—d till I got 300 lashes!"

THE ELOQUENT PASTOR DEAD.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Lament not for the vanish'd! Earth to him
Is now a faltering star, far off and dim,
And Life a spectre, volatile and grim.

Weep not, ye mourners, for the great one lost!
Rich sunshine lies beyond this night of frost—
Our troubles are not worth the tears they cost.

Give forth the song of love, the steadfast vow—
No tear!—for Death and He are parted now,
And life sits throned on his conscious brow.

Oh, mourn not! Yet remember what has been—
How buoyantly he trod this troubled scene,
The pathways of his spirit always green!

He taught the cheerfulness that still is ours,
The sweetness that still lurks in human powers;—
If heaven be full of stars, the earth has flowers!

His was the searching thought, the glowing mind;
The gentle will to others' soon resign'd;
But more than all, the feeling just and kind.

His pleasures were as melodies from reeds—
Sweet books, deep music, and unselfish deeds,
Finding immortal flowers in human weeds.

His soul was a vast sea, wide, clear, serene,
Deep in whose breast the mirror'd Heaven was seen,
Yet picturing Earth, and all her valleys green.

Fancy was his, and learning, and fine sense;—
Were these the secret of his power intense?
No, it was Love that gave him eloquence.

Sweet were his words; the lark's song high above
They rivall'd now, and now the forest-dove;
The various tones had one inspirer—Love!

His brow, illumined with the sage's fire,
His voice, out-ringing like a poet's lyre—
The aged heard a friend, the child a sire.

True to his kind, nor of himself afraid,
He deem'd that love of God was best array'd
In love of all the things that God has made.

He deem'd man's life no feverish dream of care,
But a high pathway into freer air,
Lit up with golden hopes and duties fair.

He shew'd how wisdom turns its hours to years,
Feeding the heart on joys instead of fears,
And worships God in smiles, and not in tears.

His thoughts were as a pyramid up-piled,
On whose far top an Angel stood and smiled—
Yet, in his heart, was he a simple Child.

THE EMPEROR OF HAYTI AND THE SKIPPER.

BY BENSON HILL.

The good ship Catherine, one of the finest vessels out of the port of Liverpool, was some years ago commanded by a young man named Baker, who was also part owner. On one of his many voyages to the West Indies, he found himself suddenly obliged to lay to, from stress of weather, off that part of the Island of St. Domingo which had thrown off the European yoke. The skipper—or, as in courtesy we will call him, the captain—kept his craft in first-rate order, and not knowing what sort of customers might inhabit the shore, his ten or a dozen small pieces of ordnance were furnished up in fighting trim. He was well provisioned and watered, but had not the slightest objection to take in as much fruit as the ship's crew would like to purchase, should such come off from the land.

Very early on the morning after the captain had thus anchored, a boat came alongside, containing four stout black fellows, their only covering being loose canvas trowsers, and broad-brimmed straw hats; they hailed, and asked leave to come aboard. The mate gave them the desired permission, and the niggers expressed great delight at the beautiful condition in which they found everything that met their gaze; they spoke English with considerable fluency, and as they appeared so pleased with what they saw, the mate determined on taking them below, and exhibiting all that could be shown of the craft in which he so much prided.

Captain Baker coming on deck soon learnt the arrival of his sable visitors, and desired to see them; he listened with great complacency to the encomiums bestowed on his ship, in language very far above the common colloquy of black men. One of the party, a tall, well-formed figure, with features not strictly African, appeared to take greater interest in all he saw than his companions. They were invited into the cabin, where the captain's breakfast was waiting for him, and asked to partake of the coffee and cocoa steaming on the board; apparently much flattered by this marked attention, they shared the repast, and after a profusion of thanks, took their leaves.

As they were making their way to the ship's side, the captain, struck with the fine muscular development of the man who had appeared most gratified with his visit, said to the mate,—"What a d—d fine fellow that is! I should like to have him on a *Vendu* table; he'd fetch a good lot of dollars."

To this the mate assented. Blackies got into their boat, and away they rowed.

The wind was dead calm, and Baker only awaited the springing up of a breeze to take his departure. Before mid-day another boat was descried coming towards the Catherine; this was pulled by a dozen rowers, and had a handsome awning astern. The captain judging that it might convey some official personage, stood at the gangway to receive the new visitor.

A negro, attired in a magnificent uniform, profusely covered with lace, and wearing more than one decoration, stepped on board. He lifted his huge cocked-hat, surmounted by a feather of immense length, and with considerable dignity desired to speak to "Massa Cap-pun." Baker advanced to the ebony cavalier, and learnt that his majesty the Emperor of Hayti commanded to see him and his first officer, at the Palace of *Sans Souci*; that no apprehension need arise, the object of the emperor being solely to learn any news the captain might be able to communicate. It was also intimated that the military man had received orders to convey them both on shore, as soon as they could conveniently leave the ship.

Though this arrangement was as unwelcome as unlooked-for, Baker thought it would be the best policy to obey the imperial mandate; so ushering the bedizen messenger into the cabin, he left him to amuse himself whilst some necessary alterations at the toilet were made. Being a merchant sailor only, he did not feel quite authorized in wearing side-arms, yet deemed it as well to put a brace a small pistols into his pocket, and direct the mate to provide himself with similar weapons.

The rowers soon pulled the trio to the beach, and the guard upon the wharf saluted their conductor, proving that the Englishmen were under the guidance of a man of consequence. A carriage was in waiting, the man mounted a handsomely caparisoned charger, and rode by their side. After ascending a precipitous road for some time, they reached the outward walls of the palace, their guide's presence insuring them a ready passport through the various gates in advance of the royal residence. On reaching it, they were conducted through a suite of rooms furnished in a fashion befitting the climate, through the colours of the materials were of a gaudy character. In an ante-room the officer left them, whilst he announced their arrival to his majesty. The captain took this opportunity of observing to his companion—"Well, here we are in a tolerable strong trap, out of which we could never hope to get with our lives, considering the number of troops at the different gates; but, should things come to the worst, they shan't put an end to me without the discharge of a brace of bullets at the head of the first nigger that lays his flipper upon me; to that I've made up my mind."

"I shall follow your example, as in duty bound," rejoined the mate.

The black master of the ceremonies now re-appeared, to usher them into the presence-chamber; they found it occupied by one person only, and in him they instantly recognised the intelligent negro who had been their morning visitor.

He was wrapped in a loose silk dressing gown, and listlessly reclining upon a cane settee, with the air of one habituated to a life of idle repose. The Englishmen bowed respectfully. His emperor-ship, for it was no less a personage, addressed them in cordial tones, "Cap'tin, you really so good-natured to show me all your clever ship, and give me part of your breakfast, though you think me only poor black sailor man, I 'termined to ask you and kind mister there, to dine with me in return. The Emp'r of Hayti has much good will to Eng-

fishmen; he like them as he no like Spaniard-men, cause them set of cruel devils. French-men and Merican-men not much better. Hope the Marquis Gauva pay you all civility as you come long?"

They bowed assent. At the sound of a small silver hand-bell, another highly-dressed officer entered.

"Count Marmalade, let the dinner be served directly; these gentlemen may wish to go a-board afore it dark."

Saying this his majesty retired, leaving the sailors to express their surprise at the oddity of the adventure. A short period only elapsed when their former *cicerone*, the marquis, signified that they were expected in the *salle à manger*.

Entering a superbly furnished apartment, they perceived that their host had attired himself in a splendid costume, glittering with diamonds, and profusely embroidered. He placed the captain on his right hand, and the mate on the opposite side; the banquet was composed of exquisite viands, the wines of the choicest character, and the magnificent dressed persons who occupied the table, amounting to some ten or twelve, included the three other partakers of the captain's cocoa.

Every one present vied with each other in showing the strangers attention. Time passed rapidly. Baker began to cast longing looks towards the sea, and as he perceived the glassy surface break into gentle ripples, heartily wished himself on board the Catherine, and taking due advantage of the breeze.

The emperor observing the direction of the sailor's gaze, anticipated his wishes before they were expressed, giving orders that the calash should be prepared directly, adding, with extreme good-humour,—"You will not find the road half so long in returning, it is all down hill; you will reach your ship in very good time."

The carriage was announced, the Englishmen rose and expressed, after their own fashion, their deep and grateful sense of the signal honour his majesty had conferred upon them, and were retiring from the imperial presence, when the emperor separating himself from his courtiers, stepped forward, shook them both heartily by the hand, and in a low tone, but with great quaintness of manner, demanded of Baker, "Don't you think with all these jewels on my person, I should fetch a few more dollars on a *Vendu table*?"

He smiled as he finished his question, and then resuming his dignity bowed out his visitors, who were so completely "taken aback," that they scarcely exchanged even a monosyllable, till they found themselves safe on the deck of the Catherine—such effect had the parting query of the emperor taken on both of them.

BABYLON.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

A small party of us left Baghdad, the evening of June 8, 1836, to join the Euphrates steamer, then at Hillah, an Arab town, a little south of the ruins of ancient Babylon. We had charge of what, in mercantile language, is called groups, but, in more common parlance, funds for the expedition; and as the monies to circulate among the Arab peasantry were in coins of very small value, an inconsiderable sum sufficed to constitute a donkey-load. The first part of our journey was accomplished in one of the barges belonging to the British residency, by which we descended the river Tigris. Horses had been despatched early in the morning; but owing to the detours rendered necessary by the flooded state of the plain, we overtook them, about an hour after dark, at a spot where they were swimming across the river; and here we brought to and awaited till daylight, when we mounted our steeds to enjoy the cool of the morning, and followed the banks of the stream.

On our way, we came to a canal containing water, which was mentioned as being the *Nahr Malék*, "the Royal River," a name which it has obtained from all antiquity. Passing through the heart of Babylonia, it was, according to Herodotus, and other historians, navigated by the Chaldeans, at a time when "they took a pride in their ships," and emptying itself into the Tigris, at a point where the Macedonian Solucia arose upon the fall of Babylon; it was, according to Ammianus, the historian of Julian's exploits, the channel by which the Roman legions, under Trajan and Severus, as well as those of the Eastern empire, under the apostate emperor, invaded the Greek colony and its opposite rival, the city of the Parthians.

After fording this canal, we entered the precincts of Seleucia, by a gap in the long ridge of crumbling soil which, thinly streaked with scraggy thorn, marks out the ancient walls of the city. A few low mounds of rubbish, with fragments of pottery, is all that now remains of the capital of the Macedonian conquests, which retained, according to Gibbon, many years after the fall of their empire, the genuine characteristics of a Greek colony—"arts, military virtue, and the love of freedom"—but sacked and burnt by the Romans, and enfeebled by the neighbourhood of a too powerful rival; it was already a ruin in the time of Julian; at which time there was near to it a hunting park of the Persian kings, replete with long-maned lions, boars, and bears. But while only low mounds of earth and brick remain to attest the former magnificence of Seleucia, there still arises on the opposite bank of the river the tall arch and lofty fragment of the palace inhabited by the Sassanian kings.

We turned from the contemplation of these now naked plains, once the home of two renowned and rival populations, to proceed across Babylonia, coasting an extensive inundation, such as is mentioned to have existed in the time of Julian, and thence gaining barren and sandy plains, whose only vegetation was the ever-abundant camel-thorn, enlivened here and there by the showy bloom of the caper-plant. On our progress, we met a large caravan of Persians returning from pilgrimage to the tomb of Ali. There were many ladies, as usual, carefully enclosed in curtained recesses, and many pilgrims of the poorer classes followed the caravan painfully on foot. Shortly after this, when the plain was so level that scarcely an undulation was to be perceived for miles around, on looking for the donkey which was under charge of an Arab, it was nowhere to be seen. A few miles to the north of us was a small encampment of Bedwins, a horse picketed, and a black tasselled spear erect before each tent; so a Kawass, attached to the residency, who was with us, started in that direction, while another galloped away to scour the plain to the south. The sun was now so powerful as almost to burn the skin when exposed to it; so, pendant the search for the money-bags, we got off our horses, and endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain some shelter by lying beneath the caper-bushes. In a few minutes our Kawass was seen tearing down full speed across the plain, a mounted Arab behind him galloping, as if in full pursuit, with his spear bent upon the flying Turk. I was a novice at that time in Oriental manners, and mounting my Kochanli, a beautiful creature belonging to Colonel Taylor, took a pistol from the holsters, and sped away to intercept the Arab; but I only made a fool of myself; for, observing this movement, both parties drew up, indicating that their equestrian evolutions were only by way of pastime. Shortly after this, the donkey was brought up, from the southward; it had been going, according to

the driver's report, the most direct course, and had been, for the time, hid behind a gentle sandy undulation, such as are common on the plain, and behind which, slight as they are, and almost imperceptible to an unpractised eye, a party of Arabs will hide themselves, where no living thing is thought to be moving in the horizon. We now proceeded on our journey, and past a spot where the sand-grouse were nestling. The eggs were laid in slight cavities in the sand, without a blade of grass, and were so numerous, that it was difficult to ride without destroying some. Towards evening we came to a pathway, much burrowed by the bee-eater, which lives in colonies; but although the poor creature selects the trodden ground, as more difficult for the jackall, to dig in pursuit of its nest, many of these appeared to have been recently dug up, and the elegant wings of this beautiful bird were plentifully strewn around. This pathway led us in a short time to Alexander's Khan, where tradition says the Macedonian hero was buried. Tradition and history are, however, at discount here; but if the body of Alexander was really removed from Babylon to Alexandria, is it not curious that Severus is described as, immediately on his arrival at the former city, *sealing up* the hero's tomb, which had been impudently broken open by the Barbarians? We spent the early part of the night within the walls of the khan, reposing upon the stone-work raised in its centre for the Mohammedans to pray upon, by which we avoided many of the inconveniences of the sheltered and dirty alcoves.

We started again at early dawn, and passing a canal, came to the mounds of Toheibah, by some considered as constituting the north-east boundary of ancient Babylon. Beyond this, we stopped for breakfast at Khán Nassariyeh, where was a village amid a grove of date trees, and thence passing another khan and canal, we came upon a great mound of sun-dried bricks, designated as that of Babel, by the natives—a name which, according to Buckingham, is also sometimes given to the mound of the Kásr, or palace. It is also sometimes called Mukalib, "the overthrown, or overturned."

The sensation experienced on finding myself on the summit of the first of the gigantic mounds of ancient Babylon, from whence I could discern nothing around me, but a succession of similar masses of every shape and size, ruins of a city which has now only a home in the imagination, were of a very mixed character. Whatever had been my previous expectations, I more than found them realized, by the size and solidity and the immensity of labour, contained in these great piles and platforms thus artificially raised upon the plain; yet, I could not help mingling with this feeling some disappointment, at there not being some more perfect traces of the principal structures of this once mighty city.

It is true that a few great mounds, loftier, better defined, and somewhat more insulated than the others, if they do not indicate the extent of ancient Babylon, may at least be supposed to have belonged to its more distinguished portions, and to be the remains of the palaces and temples so renowned in antiquity; but these were by no means really so insulated and distinct as I had been led to opine from previous descriptions, the whole face of the country around was covered with vestiges of buildings, and with such a number of mounds of rubbish of indeterminate figures, variety, and extent, as to involve the person who begins to theorize, in inextricable confusion. The shapeless heaps on which the traveller gazes, cannot suggest in any degree either the nature or object of the structures of which they are the relics, and what is equally remarkable, no two authors, as Rich and Porter, who after long toil and trouble have ventured upon a description of these mounds, have agreed in their account of their dimensions, or in the more simple facts of their co-relation.

The first or most northerly mound would, by its name, be one of the most interesting of the Babylonian ruins. Where all is hypothesis and mere speculation, it may just as well lay claim to being the remnant of the tower of Babel, or the foundation of the temple of Bel, as any other mound, especially if so indicated by tradition.

About a mile from the mound of Babel is another set of mounds, connected together by a broad ridge, like a causeway, and also flanked by an embankment along the river. The same mounds are embraced to the eastward by a low series of mounds, extending from a point about two miles north of Hillah, for a distance of nearly three miles towards the south-east corner of Babel. The direction of these mounds is, however, so indefinite, that they have been looked upon by Rich as circularly disposed, and by Porter as two straight lines converging to an angle. We are inclined to look upon them as Buckingham does, as embracing the space and buildings which, according to Diodorus and Strabo, were surrounded by three walls, of which the external was sixty stadia, or six miles, in circuit.

There are two great massive mounds contained within this space; the northerly one is about 700 yards in width and breadth, and has, from a ruin on its summit, been designated the Kásr, or palace. This mound is the most remarkable of the Babylonian ruins, from the apparently superior character of its buildings. The bricks were moulded, burned, and ornamented with inscriptions, and fragments of alabaster vessels, fine earthenware, marble, beautifully varnished tiles, sepulchral urns, and even sculptures have been found there. On its summit is a pile of building consisting of walls and piers which face the cardinal points, eight feet in thickness, in some places ornamented with niches, and in others strengthened by pilasters and buttresses, built of fine burnt brick. Not far from this ruin, the officers of the expedition had disinterred, a few days before our arrival, a rude sculpture of colossal dimensions, and much mutilated, which had been called a lion by Rich, but which they agreed in considering as an elephant, of which the trunk was broken off. On this mound is also a solitary tamarisk tree, which I was the first to determine to be a species frequent in Persia, but not growing on the banks of the Euphrates. An interesting fact, as shewing, whether sprung from a seed or roots of the old hanging gardens or not, that still it, or its ancestors, were originally transported to this spot. To this tree tradition relates that Ali, the prophet of the Shútes, tied his horse after the battle of Hillah.

The next great mound within the enclosure, is called Amrán, from a small-domed building upon its summit, said to be the tomb of "Amrán the son of Ali." The figure of this mound approaches that of a quadrangle, and has been much dug into in the search for bricks, amulets, and other antiquities; it is separated from the Kásr by a valley covered with tufts of rank grass, and crossed by a low ridge of ruins. This, which is called a causeway by Buckingham, may be the ruins of a bridge, which succeeded to the sub-aquatic tunnel of Semiramis. The Kásr and Amrán mounds are also separated from the river embankment, by a winding valley and ravine, the bottom of which, like that of the ravine between the two mounds themselves, is covered either with saline plants or nitrous efflorescences, and apparently never had any buildings in it.

All travellers have recognised in these ruins the probable remains of some of the palaces of Babylon; but a difficulty arose from the recorded fact that the two palaces renowned in antiquity, stood upon opposite sides of the river. This difficulty would be obviated if we admitted with Rennell that the Euphrates was brought to flow between the two mounds, when the Kásr would represent

the western, and the Amrán the eastern palace—the one the old, the other the new palace, to which were attached the hanging gardens. Porter, probably from the connecting mound, which, as previously observed, may be the ruins of a fallen bridge, considers this idea of the river's course as totally chimerical. There is, however, much to be said in its favour; and besides that it is supported by actual appearances, it would serve to explain many facts connected with the history of the sieges of Babylon, and of the disposition of its ruins.

Besides the ruins here described, there are several other lofty mounds which rise up and around upon the plain of Babylon. The two most remarkable of these are the Birs Nimrud, and the mound called Al Heimár, both having on their summits the usual structures of brick-work, like the Akka Kúf, probably the local temples of Babylonian cities long gone by. The Birs Nimrud has been looked upon by many as the real Babel. It is a venerable ruin, which seen against the clear sky, never fails to excite a sentiment of awe, and is the more remarkable for its utter loneliness. By the name, which is not Arabic, and from the circumstance of the distance of the Birs from the Babylonian mounds, strictly speaking, I have identified this ruin with the temple of Bursif of the Chaldeans, and the Borsippa of Strabo, who places it fifteen miles from Babylon; and where Nabonnedus flying from Cyrus shut himself up, or was imprisoned. It was a famous manufacturing town of the Chaldeans, and it was from the Birsæan looms that were obtained the richest clothes used in Babylon, and dyed in Tyrian purple.

A peculiarity which cannot fail to strike every traveller, when roaming among the ruins of Babylon, is the very remarkable fulfilment of the prediction, that it should become the home of the wild beasts of the desert, and that doleful creatures should take up their abode there. There is, indeed, scarcely a cave or hollow at which the traveller is not repelled at the entrance by the stench of wild beasts. At sunset, the loneliness and silence of the neighbourhood is broke upon by the piteous and unpleasant calls of hyenas, wolves, and jackalls. The rubbish everywhere reveals lizards, scorpions, and centipedes; porcupines live in the rents and fissures, bats cling to the crumbling walls, and owls sit moping all day long on the same ruined fragment. Rich further mentions that the Arabs told him of the existence of satyrs (no doubt monkeys), which they hunted with dogs, and eat the lower part, abstaining from the upper portion, on account of its resemblance to the human figure.

Hilláh is a large Arab town, occupying both sides of the river, the bazaars being on the left bank, and the castellated mansion of the Turkish governor, with the large portion of habitations on the right. The population, I should think, exceeds 15,000; being chiefly Arab, with a sprinkling of Christian and Jewish traders and Turk officials. The two towns are united by a bridge, and the steamer was brought to in front of the governor's residence. The Arabs of Hilláh, although residing in a town, were many of them Bedwins from the desert, and they had shewn much jealousy at the arrival of the steamer there: their anger venting itself against our Arab pilot, without whose assistance they thought we should never have been able to find our way so far. The poor man was accordingly kept out of the way till the morning of our departure, when he was to go ashore, as previously arranged, under the protection of the governor. The revengeful Arabs had, however, watched their opportunity; and one of them rushed at him, in the transit between the vessel and the castle, and nearly killed him with a blow of his war-hatchet. Luckily for us, the steam was just up; and such was the indignation felt at this gross outrage, that every one prepared himself for active retaliation. We had left on shore Mr. Ross, of the Baghdad residency, who had accompanied our party from that city, and he came alongside the ship, to inform Colonel Chesney that the Arabs were arming, which, indeed, was easily visible, for the dense crowd that lined the shore had disappeared; and only here and there the Arabs were seen in their dusty cloaks, skulking from house to house, or taking up a position behind some crumbling wall, or fence of date-branches. The governor had ordered the bridge to be thrown open, so that there was no communication except in their circular little gopher-boats, between the two parts of the town.

Quitting the banks, where our position was most unfavourable to dictate terms, or to engage, if necessary, the steamer sped its way down the channel, and passed through the bridge. Observing this, and thinking that we were going away, the Arabs came out of their vantage position, and lined the banks, forming a dense body of musketeers, several thousands in number, and extending nearly a mile along the river. Their triumphant shouts of defiance rang through the date-groves, and from side to side of the broad Euphrates. "There are a good many of them," I quietly remarked to the Colonel, who was standing near me, on the quarter-deck. It was, perhaps, the first word that had been spoken since we left the bank, for every one was too intent on his duty to find time for conversation. "The more we shall have to kill," answered the Colonel; a rare mode of speech with him, who was always so favourable to the Arabs, and most particularly opposed to quarrelling or fighting with them; but perhaps he did it, as he thought, to keep up my spirits. Orders to bring the steamer about, and turn her head up the stream, were now given; and to our great satisfaction, and to the infinite surprise of the dusky warriors who lined the banks, the black (Eblis) looking ship, now took her way up against the current, with almost the same facility that she had gone down the stream, and again passing the bridge, took up a commanding position in mid-waters between the hostile parties. This was one of the most interesting moments that had occurred during the navigation of the river; we had never been opposed to such a number, and that on both sides of us, and we waited in intense anxiety for the commencement of hostilities. But the Arabs had triumphed too soon; they saw the advantage of our position; they had been drawn, by ignorance of the steamer's power to stem the current, from out of their cover; they knew that we had great guns on board, and not a musket was lifted against us. So, after a short pause, the ship was steered up to the castle, and Colonel Estcourt and Mr. Rassam started on the rather dangerous mission of going ashore in a boat, but they landed in safety; and gaining the governor's presence, assured themselves, first, that the guilty parties had been made prisoners of; and secondly, that they should be sent for trial to the Pasha of Baghdad, so that justice would be done under the eye of the British authorities. This was most positively engaged to be done by the Turkish governor; and we then quitted the city, where, previous to this untoward event, much friendly intercommunication had existed between the ship's crews and the natives, more especially the Christian and Jewish traders; and a good feeling had been established, which happily, from after experience, we found that the savage conduct of a few Bedwins was not able to destroy.

ELLISTONIANA.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.

ELLISTON'S LEARNING.

Though Elliston had not the correct taste and extensive classical knowledge of the late John Philip Kemble, nor even the elegant scholarship of Macready,

acquired as they in both instances were, by close study in maturer years, he was nevertheless a well educated man.

It is true that it has been said of Elliston, as it was said by Ben Jonson of the immortal bard whose creations our comedian so delighted to embody that he had small Latin and less Greek; still he had Latin and Greek, which while others with fifty times his acquirements found their knowledge like uncoined bullion, useless from its very value, were with him a species of small change which he made pass current on every available occasion. He had a general knowledge of almost every subject, and if it was somewhat superficial, still he made it very serviceable. Like Kean, whom he much resembled in point of accomplishment, the great lessee was fond of displaying his classical acquirements. "A little learning" did not prove with him, "a dangerous thing," nor was he one of those scholars who considered it necessary in this case to "drink deep;" he contented himself with merely tasting of the well of wisdom, though he was not perhaps equally temperate with other springs.*

Elliston never entirely lost sight of his original classical education. That most amiable and original of prose writers, Charles Lamb, says in his posthumous volume of Elia's Essays, "Great wert thou in thy life, Robert William Elliston! and not lessened in thy death, if report speak truly, which says that thou didst direct that thy mortal remains should repose under no inscription but one of pure Latinity. Classical was thy bringing up! and beautiful was the feeling on thy last bed, which connecting the man with the boy, took thee back to thy latest exercise of imagination, to the days when, undressing of theatres and managements, thou wert a scholar, and an early ripe one, under the roofs builded by the munificent and pious Colet!"

Fundamentally grounded in all the acquirements of the upper forms of St. Paul's school, Elliston delighted to indulge in a bit of classicality. A scrap of Latin was his safety-valve on many occasions. If he forgot his exit speech when performing, he always got off with a scrap of Latin. Playing one night in the narrator's drama, "The Singles in London," and forgetting the speech with which he should have quitted the stage, he resorted to his old expedient in such cases.

"I am now going to the bookseller, Humphreys," said he, addressing Slo-man, who was playing with him, "but as I feel rather wearied you must call me a hack, for, as our friend Horace observes, 'necessitas non habet—legis!' so move on Humphrey."

The audience, who thought they smelt something like a joke in this, laughed heartily and applauded accordingly. Being afterwards rallied on the absurdity of the quotation, the actor thus gravely defended the practice.

"Ever," said he, "make your exit, when at a loss, with a fragment from the classics—no matter how inappropriate. Those who understand it will laugh at you for your presumed ignorance—those who do not understand it will laugh because the others laugh—laugh that they may not show their ignorance; so either way you are safe. There is nothing like Latin, sir, nothing like Latin!"

True to his theory he would fire off a classical quotation on the most commonplace subject, and where one did not directly occur to him, would suppose one.

During the time when the Coburg was filling its benches by the disgraceful stalling order system, first introduced by Tom Dibdin, and was consequently running the Surrey very hard, Elliston, at that time the lessee of the Surrey, was highly incensed, and commenced a paper war in his play-bill's, firing off certain canons of theatrical criticism against the offending managers of Waterloo-road, who then were certainly not able, as now, to cry Victoria!

"The degrading system," dictated he, on one occasion, when making out the heading of his next week's bill, "pursued by a neighbouring establishment, of making a silver key the pass partout to every part of its auditory, is a theatrical double dealing that cannot be too strongly reprobated; neither can the illiberal practice of forestalling pursued by the proprietors of that establishment. But as the great Roman satirist has beautifully and appositely observed—"

Here he made a pause.

"Yes, sir," said Ben Fairbrother, his amanuensis, who was writing from his dictation, "great Roman satirist beautifully observed—"

"Leave a blank, Ben," said Robert William, "we will put in what the great Roman satirist observed to-morrow—at present it is *non est inventus*—but I shall have thought of something by that time. Let the bill go to press!"

THE TRAGEDIAN'S WIG.

The predominating quality in Elliston's composition was certainly fun. However grave and serious the business in which he might be engaged, his fun would, in spite of himself, beam forth to enliven its gloom. It charmed the dull routine of occupation, it gave a zest to his spirits when acting, it accompanied him to the convivial board, and heightened the gaiety of the banquet; wine could not weaken it, nor disappointment depress it—it dispersed his *ennui*, and chased away every vexation—it struggled with his anger, and overcame it—it broke upon his grief, and dispelled it:—in short, it was an extemporaneous feeling that was ever within him, ready to burst forth on any and every occasion: he literally overflowed with fun.

Many anecdotes are related showing the playful way in which he ever met all that might annoy him, turning even discomfiture itself against the individuals who had thwarted his wishes; converting their very opposition into a source of amusement and pleasantry.

Our comedian and a certain popular tragedian were never completely coter coter. The classical correctness and Spartan virtue of the representative of Woe, was not at all in accordance with the pliant sociality and lax goodhumour of our Prince of the Sock, who could never avoid having a fling at his graver rival, in the mimic art, whenever an opportunity offered.

A ludicrous instance of this propensity occurred at the time when the immortal Edmund Kean was engaged under the great lessee's banners. On one occasion when the inimitable Edmund was announced to perform *Richard III.* at Drury Lane, he had imbibed so much "refreshment" the previous night, that he was totally unable to make his appearance before the public. A great house was expected, and a general consternation spread throughout the realms of Drury. The acting manager was in the utmost perplexity, while the treasurer was in perfect despair. The lessee of all the majors was alone collected and unmoved.

* The facetious host of a well-known tavern was once remonstrated with by a certain noble Marquis for encouraging the nightly visits of his eldest son, a young nobleman; much promise, which it was considered were likely to prove equally injurious to his moral and his constitution.

"Nay, my lord," replied Boniface, "I should think your son must improve by the visit; he does me the honour to make here, for he keeps company with none but persons of learning, Sheridan, Parnell, and many other eminent wits and scholars."

"Ah, but don't you know, Mr. M.," replied the Marquis, "that as Pope observes, a little learning is a dangerous thing?"

"True, my lord," replied the ready host, "but these gentlemen 'DRINK DEEP!'"

Prompt in expedient to supply every deficiency, and ward off impending storms, he instantly bethought himself of the tragedian just mentioned, who was at that time sojourning in London without an engagement. Accordingly he hastened to his domicile, and fortunately found him at home.

The son of Melpomene had just sat down to dinner, but the urgent business of the Thespian leader procured him instant admittance. He was most hospitably invited, before entering on his embassy, to partake of the repast. The lady of the house was busily employed in dislocating the joints of a couple of ducks as our comedian entered.

"Ah, ha!" thought Robert William, "I'll attack my Achilles on the heel of his foible at once."

"Ducks, eh?" said he, surveying the entertainment. "Your lady preparing them—just as it ought to be, 'Dux famina facti,' as our friend Virgil has it. Eh, my dear fellow, eh? excuse the pun—ha! ha! ha! More to our taste than the big bird whose sibilant saved the capitol, and is always sure to answer when a play or player does not! Do you take, my dear sir—do you take? Some of the seasoning, if you please, my good madam."

The classical tragedian smiled graciously.

"He is vulnerable," thought our manager; "I have touched him on his weak point; let me pursue my advantage. I have come upon rather a disagreeable errand, but I will rush in *medias res*. A few peas, if you please. The fact is, my dear sir, I have just been informed that poor Kean will not be able to play *Richard* to-night. Now there is only one man in England qualified to supply his place—only one actor with whom the public will be satisfied in this dilemma."

The Roscius of Russell-square drew himself grandly up, and folding the skirts of his frock-coat round him as if it had been a Roman toga, replied in a curt manner, pronouncing his words as if he was biting them.

"Impossible, my dear sir,—the thing is totally impossible—it cannot be. I can assure you I have no sort of desire to enter into any comparison with the gentleman that is at present leading the business at Drury."

"Comparison! my dear sir," said Elliston, "there can be no comparison—reflect therefore, before you decide. I will take another wing of your duck, madam. Consider the awful consequences of a refusal—an apology shall be made."

"Well, well," replied the tragedian, "provided a proper apology be made."

"I'll make it myself, my dear sir—salt, John. Nay, more, I'll be your *Richard*—pepper, if you please. Not a morsel more duck, madam—I'm obliged to you—the thing is all settled then. Another glass of Madeira, and we'll be off—I shall have to get your dress looked out for you."

"My dress! good heavens!—well bethought," said the tragedian, suddenly recollecting; "I had quite forgotten that. I am extremely sorry, my dear sir, but as I said before, the thing is totally impossible—I cannot play *Richard* to-night."

"Eh! what the deuce," said Elliston, in consternation; "every body will be delighted with the change."

"No, no, it is utterly out of the question—it is not within the verge of possibility."

"Why not?"

"Why not, my dear sir! I have only just remembered that I have left my *Richard's* wig in the country."

"Pooh! pooh! never mind the wig—the wisdom won't lie in the wig in this instance."

"But I must mind the wig. What, play *Richard* without a proper wig! Why each particular hair would stand on end. I, that pride myself so much on correctly representing and illustrating our immortal bard according to the original text—it is not to be thought of, sir."

"Why not use your *Orestes'* wig?" returned the manager. "I have played *Job Thornbury* in the country in my *Rolla's* wig a hundred times, without any one finding out the difference."

"That may be, my dear sir," said our votary of the bowl and dagger; "but for myself, I could neither feel comic in a tragic *Brutus*, nor be heroic in a low comedy *Scratch*. The thing is impossible."

"What the plague are we to do?" said the perplexed manager. "Egad, I have hit upon an expedient—it will be all right yet. We'll make an apology for your wig as well as for yourself. You can play it in your own hair; nothing can be more appropriate. You have the true Plantagenet turn—the curl of the line of York—the raven front of *Richard*."

This was not to be withstood.

"Well, provided a proper apology be made for my wig."

"It shall—it shall. I'll make it myself."

The tragedian mumbled out a few further objections about his hair, which Elliston overruled, and they departed for the theatre.

While this really great tragedian was dressing for the part, the manager proceeded, as he had promised, to address the audience.

Provoked at the particular priggishness, as he called it, of the tragedian, he determined to gratify himself by having a sly dig at him.

"None but a blockhead would have made such a stand for a wig," said he; "but I'll give my friend in the straps a turn for it, so here goes."

Walking on before the curtain, with his usual propitiatory bow and deprecating smile, he prepared to address the audience.

"Down! down! Silence! silence!" resounded from all parts of the house, and the manager commenced:

"Ladies and gentlemen,—I deeply lament that it should be my painful duty to appear before you on this occasion."

"Hear, hear!" and "what screw's loose now!" from the gallery.

"The fact is, we are in a most distressing situation, from which only your kind indulgence can extricate us. To be brief, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Kean is unfortunately so seriously indisposed, that he cannot possibly have the honour of appearing before you as announced this evening."

"Drunk! drunk!" resounded from several parts of the gallery.

"Drunk!" said Elliston, in disdain, and with great emphasis. "No, ladies and gentlemen, that highly-gifted actor is as incapable of getting drunk while in the performance of his duty, as I am myself."

Here he pressed his hand to his heart, and became tremulous with emotion.

"You are all mistaken," he added, after a brief pause; "I give you my honour—you are all mistaken. I repeat, Mr. Kean is not in a fit state to appear before you this evening."

"I dare say not!" exclaimed one in the pit.

"I have Mr. Douchez, the surgeon's, certificate, who has been with him nearly the whole of the time. What can you want more?"

There was no answering this, and the apologist triumphantly continued,

"In this afflicting posture of affairs, we have applied to the only gentleman capable of properly sustaining Mr. Kean's character (naming him), and I am happy to say, ladies and gentlemen, that I have, with some difficulty, prevailed

on this talented tragedian, in order to prevent disappointment, to undertake, at a very short notice, this arduous character, and have respectfully to solicit that indulgence which is never denied by the liberality of a British audience to an old favourite under such circumstances."

Loud applause, and cries of "Bravo, Elliston!"

The manager bowed repeatedly, but did not retire as was expected. He again advanced to the front.

"But, ladies and gentlemen," resumed he, "this is not all; we have conquered one difficulty, but there is another almost as great to overcome. Yet I do not quite despair. I confess I approach the subject with fear and trembling, but I know your hearts, and insurmountable as this obstacle seems to be, I trust with your generous aid we shall yet be able to triumph over it."

The audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement and expectation.

"Explain! explain!" was the universal cry.

"I will explain," said Elliston, with much solemnity. "I will no longer keep you in suspense. To be brief, ladies and gentlemen, though this great tragedian has consented to play the part of *Richard*, it is on one condition, but that is imperative. The fact is, not having expected to be called upon on this occasion, he has unfortunately left his *Richard's* wig in the country."

Loud laughter.

"In this trying and eventful crisis, we have adopted every alternative, but the only *Richard's* wig we have is unluckily too small, this great tragedian's head being considerably larger than that of Mr. Kean's."

"Thicker!" cried one in the gallery, jocosely. (Renewed laughter.)

"In this emergency," continued Elliston, "I have again appealed to our great tragedian's sympathy, and I am happy to say, he will still play, if you will but, with your usual generosity, allow him, for this night only, to dispense with the wig, and play *Richard* in his own hair. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, he has stipulated that I shall not only make an apology for him, but for his wig into the bargain, and I think I have done it!"

Here he gave an irresistible look; cries of "Bravo, Elliston!" followed, mixed with loud applause, in the midst of which the manager, very much to his own satisfaction, retired.

The tragedian himself, as we have said, was busied dressing, and did not hear this speech; he was not a little surprised on making his *entrée* as *Richard* in his own hair, at the universal titter which greeted him from all parts of the house, and which was continued at intervals throughout the whole of the performance.

INSANITY.

THE LATE DR. CHEYNE AND HIS ESSAYS.

The diseased state of the organs of sense often produces actual madness. The sufferer is unacquainted with the nature of false perceptions, and acts on information which he is unable to correct. It would seem that insanity arising from this cause ought to admit of an easy cure. The false information given by the ear or eye is likely to be corrected by the other senses, yet there is often great subtlety shown by the sufferer in evading the new information thus received. Voices address the ear, and the eye being turned to the place from which they seem to proceed, sees that it is vacant. If the person be not led to believe that the imagined voices are referable to the diseased state of the auditory nerves, he will in all probability become suspicious of conspiracies, and imagine his enemies have employed a ventriloquist to cheat him by imitating the accents which he hears. This is a simple and a frequent case, one which we should think almost certain of cure. If the solution which any physician would give of symptoms, which nothing but the patient's ignorance could aggravate into insanity, be believed by the sufferer, there is in all probability an end of the difficulty. If it be disbelieved, yet let it be stated calmly, and leave it to produce its own natural effect. It probably will at first be like every thing else evaded, but will at length find its place in the reasonings of the patient, and be in all probability the means of cure. Nothing under any circumstances can be done by deception. What is called, and truly so, insanity, is more often removable by mind dealing with mind, than is thought. With the mind in every state, fair dealing is the only true course.

The first essay is little more than a general statement of the subject; the second, "on false perceptions and supposed demonism," is valuable, chiefly for some narratives, probably drawn from what the author witnessed in his own practice, and which give some new illustrations of the way in which ignorant people are actually frightened into permanent insanity, by experiencing some of the very frequent illusions of the senses, which they refer to supernatural power or demoniac interference. In delirium occasioned by drunkenness, the drunkard sees double, hears things that are not uttered, and in cases of habitual intemperance, the false perceptions continue, even when the sufferer is not under the immediate influence of intoxication. In *delirium tremens* the sufferer fancies that he sees fairies, devils, and spirits watching him, grinning at him, and whispering together; such manias are seen suddenly starting up and listening with fixed attention at keyholes and crevices in the wall for their spiritual enemies. Having no suspicion of the true nature of their malady, they often conclude that their powers of vision and of hearing are miraculously increased. "A man labouring under insanity produced by intoxication," says Dr. Cheyne, "lately told us that he could hear what was uttered in a whisper at a distance of half a mile."

"The ear is very liable to be deluded—a person may fancy that he hears the hissing of a boiling kettle, the ringing of bells, the roaring of the sea, the clamours of a tumultuous crowd, and a variety of discordant sounds, as well as articulate voices, if the circulation of the brain, or of a part of that organ be diseased. On the other hand, oral language is not always understood—words, even when distinctly heard, convey no meaning—audible language ceases to be intelligible when visible language is, as in the case recorded by Dr. Darwin of Shrewsbury, of an old gentleman who was superannuated, whose hearing and vision were perfect, but who could only call up a train of ideas from the latter. When he was told it was nine o'clock and time for him to eat his breakfast, he repeated the words distinctly, but without understanding them. Then his servant put a watch in his hand, upon which he said, 'why, William, have I not had my breakfast, for it is past nine o'clock?' On almost every occasion his servants conversed with him by means of visible objects, although his hearing was perfect; and when this kind of communication was used he did not appear impaired in his intellects. This state came on from a stroke of the palsy; and, till he and his servants had recourse to this language of signs, he was quite childish."

Hearing is more frequently disordered than sight, or any other of the senses. Dr. Cheyne tells us that the apparitions which attended Nicolai not only peopled his apartment but spoke to him. There can be no doubt that the ear is often deceived at the same time with the eye, but Nicolai's own account of the spec-

tral illusions with which he was visited, does not say anything of his ever being addressed by his visitors: and we are inclined to believe that in his case the eye was the only sense engaged. Nicolai was the Prussian reviewer, who ventured on a parody of Goethe's Werther, and was rewarded for his work by figuring as the head chamberlain, who directs the witch dances in the Walpurgis scene of the Faust. In several books on the theory of apparitions, an account of Nicolai's spectres is given. In Anster's notes to Faustus, we find Nicolai's own account, as communicated to the Royal Society of Berlin. In Cowper's affecting narrative of his insanity, it is plain that the auditory nerves were greatly disturbed. In one of his efforts to effect suicide, he had suspended himself from the top of the door of his room by his garter. The chair which he used for the purpose, he pushed away with his feet, and hung at his whole length. "While I hung there," he says, "I distinctly heard a voice say, three times, 'it is over.'" It is not clear to us that in this case the eye was also deluded; for Cowper, who describes his dreams does not speak, at least does not speak with such distinctness as to give perfect evidence on the subject, of any illusions of the waking eye. "My thoughts," he says, "in the day became still more gloomy, and my night visions more dreadful. One morning, as I lay between sleeping and waking, I seemed to myself to be walking till prayers should begin. Presently I thought I heard the minister's voice, and hastened towards the choir. Just as I was upon the point of entering, the iron gate under the organ was flung in my face with a jar that made the abbey ring. The noise awoke me, and a sentence of excommunication from all the churches upon earth could not have been so dreadful to me as the interpretation which I could not avoid putting upon this dream." In Tasso's insanity both ear and eye were affected. The illusions were so powerful as to throw into shadow all external impressions, while his own reasoning powers exercised upon them as realities, was such as almost to convince his friends against the evidence of their senses, that the phantoms with which he was visited were not the coinage of the brain, but supernatural beings, engaged in conversation with the poet. Manso relates an extraordinary scene, in which, after arguing with the poet against the possibility of his fancies having any foundation in truth, he received the following reply:—"Since I cannot persuade you by reasoning, I will convince you by experience. I shall cause you, with your own eyes, to see that spirit, the existence of which my words cannot cause you to believe." "I accepted the offer," says Manso; "and the following day, as we were sitting by ourselves together by the fire, he turned his eyes towards a window, and held them a long time so intensely fixed on it, that, when I called him, he did not answer. At last, 'Lo, said he, 'the friendly Spirit, which has courteously come to talk with me. Lift up your eyes, and you shall see the truth.' I turned my eyes thither immediately; but though I endeavoured to look as keenly as I could, I beheld nothing but the rays of the sun, which streamed through the panes of the window into the chamber. And whilst I still looked around without beholding any object, Torquato began to hold, with this unknown something, a most lofty converse. I heard, indeed, and saw nothing but myself; nevertheless, his words, at one time questioning, at another replying, were such as take place between those who reason strictly on some important subject; and from what is said by the one, the replies of the other may be easily comprehended by the intellect, although they be not heard by the ear. The discourses were so lofty and marvellous, both by the sublimity of the topics, and a certain unwonted manner of talking, that, exalted above myself into a kind of ecstasy, I did not dare to interrupt them, nor ask Torquato about the spirit which he had announced to me, but which I did not see. In this way, while I listened between stupefaction and rapture, a considerable time had elapsed, till at last the spirit departed, as I learned from the words of Torquato, who, turning to me, said, 'from this day forward, all your doubts shall have vanished from your mind,' and I, 'or rather they are increased, since, though I have heard many things worthy of marvel, I have seen nothing of what you promised to show me to dispel my doubts.' He smiled and said, 'You have seen and heard more of him perhaps—' and here he paused. Fearful of importuning him by new questions, the discourse ended; and the only conclusion I can form is what I before said, that it is more likely that his visions or frenzies will disorder my own mind than that I shall extirpate his true or imaginary opinion."

The letter in which Manso relates this event was written immediately after the incident it describes, so there is no room for disputing any of the particular details on the ground of imperfect recollection or the kind of over-statement, which leads biographers to make the most of everything unusual. The solitude in which Tasso lived during years of poetical exertion, and long intervals of insanity, was of itself not unlikely to create habits of talking and thinking aloud, which rendered the conversation with the imagined spirit, one more easily sustained than, had his life been passed less with the creations of his own fancy, would have been inconceivable. Previous to the visits of the Platonic Demon whom he wished to introduce to Manso, he had been tormented by the daily vexations of a Folletto, or haunting sprite, which he fancied, found pleasure in disarranging his papers, stealing his money, and playing him one mischievous trick or another. He was troubled with undefinable apprehensions: lights danced before his eyes; at times he heard the most frightful noises indistinct and unlike any thing with which they could be compared. At times the ticking of an imagined clock, or the tolling of a non-existing bell, disturbed him; at times voices were heard like those of the stupid critics of his "Jerusalem," at times it was the barking of more harmless dogs, or the cackling of geese. When he awoke from sleep it was a relief, for he was freed from fantastic visions for a while, but the waking fancy soon simulated the wildest dreams. "I have dreaded," he says, "the falling sickness, apoplexy, and blindness. I have had headaches and pains in the intestines, the side, the thighs and legs; I have been weakened by vomiting, dysentery, and fever. Amidst so many terrors and pains there appeared to me in the air the image of the Glorious Virgin, with her son in her arms, sphered in a circle of coloured vapours, so that I ought by no means to despair of her grace. And though," he adds, "this might easily be a phantasy, because I am frantic, disturbed by various phantoms, and full of infinite melancholy, yet by the grace of God I can sometimes withhold my assent, which being, as Cicero remarks, the operation of a sound mind, I am inclined to believe it was in reality a miracle."

Dr. Cheyne tells us that "where delusions both of hearing and sight co-exist, nothing can prevent insanity but an enlightened judgment." How little hope, then, could there be for cure at a time when the medical theorist was, as it were, in league with the faithless servants of the mind—when angelic visits were looked for with impatience, both by the patient and his physician, and their absence was regarded as a proof of the departing favour of heaven.

Nothing can be better than what Dr. Cheyne says on the subject of such patients. The only qualification which we should think of making in the advice which he gives is that we think even the insane—when there is any reasoning power left—should be informed of the natural effects of disease. It is not probable that they will at the instant assent—but if they assent to the degree of admitting that a view opposed to theirs is tenable, there is, we think, great

chance of cure. In fact, if the person who believes himself under Satanic influence, once admits, and is in earnest in the admission, that his is but one solution, among others, of the phenomena which are to be accounted for, we think that the single fact of his continuing to differ with any one of the very eminent persons who conduct lunatic asylums on a subject upon which it is not very easy, in the calmest state of mind, to come to a sound conclusion, is perfectly consistent with entire sanity of mind—nay, perfectly consistent with judicious medical as well as moral treatment.

"If they are of sane mind, we must lay before them an explanation of such cases. We must explain the nature of false perceptions, in order to show that a disordered state of the nerves, or of the brain, or stomach, or organs of reproduction, will account for the delusions—more particularly of the organ of sight—which harass them; that sparks, flashes of light, halos, or, on the other hand, flies, moths, tadpoles, temporary blindness, are produced by disorder of the optic nerve or brain; that noises of a discordant kind, or articulate sounds, solely depend upon accelerated circulation through the brain, or affections of the auditory nerves; that the senses of taste or smell are rendered painfully acute or perverted by disordered conditions of those parts of the brain from which proceed the gustatory or olfactory nerves. We must inform them that many of these unusual perceptions have been removed at once by cupping or a mercurial purgative: we can assure the reader that we have succeeded in relieving those who had supposed themselves demoniacally possessed—given over to Satan—from a mountain of perplexity by showing them the true cause of their sufferings."

The third essay is "On disorder of the mind confined to a single faculty." The diversity of power in the memory is familiar to all; but we do not know any where such striking instances collected illustrative of the state of mind, in which, while facts are all recollected, the order of their occurrence is forgotten, and this sometimes to such a degree as to make it necessary to deprive the person so affected, of the management of property. When the whole mind is impaired, there is, says our author, no consciousness of the deficiency, but when the Judgment survives the Memory, it detects the failure of the other faculty, and when, after a temporary cure, insanity recurs, the same hallucinations return. From this our author would infer that but one faculty, and not the whole intellect, is impaired. In proof of this proposition, Dr. Cheyne says that the instances in which Imagination is the single faculty affected, are almost infinitely diversified.

Dr. Beddoes' "Hygeia" supplies the author with the case of Dr. Spalding, of Berlin. Dr. Beddoes had referred it—Cheyne says erroneously—to the hurry of ideas preceding epilepsy. He had to speak to many persons in quick succession, and to write many trifling memorandums about dissimilar things, so that the attention was incessantly impelled in contrary directions.

"He had at last to draw out a receipt for interest; he accordingly sat down and wrote the first two words requisite, but, in a moment, became incapable of finding the rest of the words in his memory, or the strokes of the letters belonging to them. He strained his attention to the utmost in endeavouring leisurely to delineate letter after letter, with constant reference to the preceding, in order to be sure that it suited. He said to himself that they were not the right strokes, without being able in the least to conceive wherein they were deficient. He therefore gave up the attempt, and partly by monosyllables, and partly by signs, ordered away the man who was waiting for the receipt, and quietly resigned himself to his state. For a good half hour there was a tumult in part of his ideas. He could only recognise them for such as forced themselves upon him without his participation. He endeavoured to dispel them to make room for better, which he was conscious of in the bottom of his thinking faculty. He threw his attention, as far as the swarm of confused intruding images would permit, on his religious principles; and said to himself distinctly, that if by a kind of death he was extricated from the tumult in his brain, which he felt as foreign and exterior to himself, he should exist and think on in the happiest quiet and order. With all this there was not the least illusion in the senses. He saw and heard every thing about him with its proper shape and sound, but could not get rid of the strange confusion in his head. He tried to speak, for the sake of finding whether he could bring out any thing connected; but however vehemently he strove to force together attention and thought, and though he proceeded with the utmost deliberation, he soon perceived that unmeaning syllables only followed, quite different from the words he wished. He was as little master now of the organs of speech as he had before found himself of those of writing. 'I therefore,' says he, 'contented myself with the not very satisfactory expectation that if this state should continue I should never, all my life, be able to speak or write again; but that my sentiments and principles, remaining the same, would be a permanent spring of satisfaction and hope, till my complete separation from the unfortunate ferment of the brain. I was only sorry for my relations and friends, who, in this case, must have lost me for duties and business, and all proper intercourse with them, and looked upon me as a burden to the earth. But after the completion of the half-hour, my head began to grow clearer and more quiet. The uproar and vividness of the strange troublesome ideas diminished. I could now carry through my process of thought—I wished now to ring for the servant, that he might request my wife to come up. But I required yet some time to practise the right pronunciation of the requisite words. In the first conversation with my family, I proceeded for another half hour slowly, and in some measure anxiously, till at length I found myself as free and clear as at the beginning of the day, only I had a very trifling headache. Here I thought of the receipt which I had begun, and knew to be wrong. Behold, instead of fifty dollars for half a year's interest, as it should have been, I found in as clear and straight strokes as I ever made in my life—'fifty dollars through the sanctification of the bri—' with a hyphen, as I had come to the end of the line; I could not possibly fall upon any thing in my previous ideas or occupations which, by any obscure mechanical influence, could have given occasion to these unintelligible words."

Our author relates an anecdote of a person deprived of the power of speech robbed by a servant, who thought that his master was in a state of complete fatuity, and would never discover his loss. The master, a powerful and determined man, brought the culprit to an empty drawer in the escritoire in which he kept his money, and showed him by signs that he knew by whom he was robbed, and compelled him to restore the money. A physician, who had been secretary of some medical corporation, was, at a time when he was unable to utter or to write two words in connexion, informed by a note that an important paper could not be found. He repaired to the office of the town-clerk, put his hand into a pigeon-hole, where he found the missing muniment, and at the same time uttered a loud and discordant laugh. He was capable of receiving information but incapable of transmitting it.

Among other narratives given by Cheyne one is "of a gentleman who lost the power of expression both by speech and writing, while his other faculties were uninjured, in consequence of a fall from his horse, by which the lower and central part of the frontal bone was much injured. In cases such as have been

described, the power of conveying meaning or emotion by signs, gestures, or by a change of the features, may be unimpaired." It is not said in Dr. Cheyne's work that the part of the head injured was that in which phrenologists place the organ of language or verbal memory.

The love of order and arrangement, so troublesome to most persons at times, and of which, from the days of Dr. Orkborne, students and dwellers among books have a traditional right to complain, supplies our author with some amusing illustrations. He tells of persons who have stopped on a road to count a drove of cattle, or to reckon the pales in a fence, and were unable to resist the impulse to commence the reckoning, even when hurried for time, still less were they able to stop if they once began. D'Israeli tells of an unhappy man who, with the toy called the cup and ball, occupied a life in endeavouring to fix the ball on the spike, we forget how many hundred or thousand times successively—and we fear died without fulfilling his vocation. Cheyne mentions a lady of rank who each night before retiring to rest never failed to visit her drawing-room, and put every piece of furniture in its proper place. "Ah," said a friend of hers to Dr. Cheyne, "she was, from her passion for order, the greatest plague that ever lived." Dr. Pritchard, in "The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine," mentions a case, quoted by our author, in which this tendency ended in actual insanity. "This person," says Dr. Pritchard, "was continually putting chairs in their places, and if articles of ladies' work or books were left upon a table, he would take an opportunity, unobserved, of putting them in order, generally spreading the work smooth and putting the articles in rows. He would steal into rooms belonging to others, for the purpose of arranging the various articles."

"If we examine an extensive asylum for the insane, we shall probably discover one or two cells kept with scrupulous attention in a state of neatness and order; every thing will be found in its proper place, every thing clean and bright; every little ornament which may have been laid hold of by the pitiable tenant, ostentatiously displayed. The walls are decorated with prints, and if such are not attainable, little glaring frescos, representing ladies with plumes of feathers and long trains; peacocks with expanded tails; kings dressed in scarlet robes, with crowns on their heads—the work of the lunatic—are often made to supply their place; great attention being paid to the arrangement of these works of rude art, so as to evince a love of order; every print or drawing having its companion or its pendant. Such patients are generally irascible and violent; and nothing with more certainty produces a paroxysm of maniacal rage than intrusion into their apartments with unscrapped shoes, unless it be an attempt to displace any of their ornaments, or to remove a print from the wall."

A ROYAL SALUTE.

"Should you like to be a queen, Christina?"

This question was addressed by an old man, whose head was bent carefully over a chess-board, to a young lady who was apparently rather tired of the lesson she had taken in that interesting game.

"Queen of hearts, do you mean?" answered the girl, patting with the greatest appearance of fondness a dreadfully ugly little dog that lay in her lap.

"Queen of hearts," replied the minister, with a smile; "you are that already my dear. But have you no other ambition?" he added, tapping sagaciously the lid of a magnificently ornamented scuff-box, on which was depicted one of the ugliest monarchs that ever puzzled a court-painter to make him human.

"Why, should my ambition go further?" said Christina. "I have more subjects already than I know how to govern."

"No doubt—no doubt—I knew very well that you could not avoid having subjects; but I hope and trust you have had too much sense to receive their allegiance."

The old man was proud of carrying on the metaphor so well, and of asking the question so delicately. It was quite evident he had been in the diplomatic line.

"How can I help it?" enquired the young beauty, passing her hand over the back of the disgusting little pet, which showed its teeth in a very uncouth fashion whenever the paternal voice was raised a little too high. "But, I assure you, I pay no attention to allegiance, which I consider my right. There is but one person's homage I care for."

The brow of the Prime Minister of Sweden grew very black, and his face had something of the benign expression of the growling pug on his daughter's knee.

"Who is that person, Christina?"

But Christina looked at her father with an alarmed glance, which she shortly after converted into a smile, and went on in her pleasing occupation of smoothing the raven down of her favourite, but did not say a word.

The father, who seemed to be no great judge of pantomime, repeated his question.

"Who is that person, Christina?"

Christina disdained hypocrisy, and, moreover, was immensely spoiled.

"Who should it be, but your gallant nephew, Adolphus Hesse, dear father?"

"You haven't had the impudence, I hope, to engage yourself to that boy?"

"Boy—why he is twenty-one! He is my oldest friend—we learned all our lessons together. I can't recollect the time we were not engaged, it is so long since we loved each other!"

"Nonsense! You were brought up together by his mother; it is nothing but sisterly affection."

"Not at all—not at all!" cried Christina; "it would make me quite miserable if Adolphus were my brother."

"It is all you must think him, nevertheless. He has no fortune; he has nothing but his commission; and my generosity is—"

"Immense, my dear father; inexhaustible! And then Adolphus is so brave—so magnanimous; and, upon my word, when I saw how much he liked me, and heard him speak so much more delightfully than any body else, I never thought of asking if he was rich; and you know you love him yourself, dear father."

Christina neglected the pug in her lap for a moment, and laid her hand coaxingly on the old man's shoulder.

"But not enough to make him my heir," said the Count, gruffly. Christina renewed her attentions to the dog.

"He would be your heir notwithstanding," she said, "if I were to die."

There was something in the tone of her voice, or the idea suggested of her death, that softened the old man. He looked for a long time at the young and beautiful face of his child; and the shade of uneasiness her words had raised, disappeared from his brow.

"There is nothing but life there," he said, gently tapping her on the forehead; "and therefore I must marry you, my girl!"

"And you will make us the happiest couple in the world. Adolphus will be so grateful," said Christina, her bright eyes sparkling through tears.

"Who the devil said a word about Adolphus?" said the father, looking angrily at Christina; but he added immediately in a softer tone, when he saw the real emotion of his daughter—"Poor girl, you have been sadly spoiled! You have had too much of your own way, and now you ask me to do what is impossible. Be a reasonable girl, there's a darling! and your aunt will present you at court. You will see such grand things—you will know our gallant young King—only be reasonable!"

"The rude monster!" cried Christina, starting up as if tired of the conversation. "I have no wish to know him. They say he hates women."

"A calumny, my dear girl; he is very fond of *one* at all events."

"Is she pretty?"

"And mischievous as yourself."

"As I?" enquired Christina, and fell into a long reverie, while the Count smiled as if he had made an excellent hit.

"But I have never seen him, papa," she said, "awakening all of a sudden."

"He may have seen you though; and he says"

"Oh, what does he say? Do tell me what the King says?"

"Poh! What do you want to know about what a rude monster says—that hates women?" answered the father with another smile of satisfaction.

"But he is a king, papa! What does he say? I am quite anxious to know."

But the minister of state had gained his object; he had excited curiosity, and determined not to gratify it. At last he said, as he arose to quit the apartment—"Let us turn the conversation, Christina; we have nothing to do with kings, and must content ourselves with humbler subjects. An officer will sup with us to-night, whom I wish you very much to please. He has influence with the King; and if you have any regard for my interest you will receive him well. I intend him for your husband."

"I won't have him!" cried Christina, running after her father as he left the room. "I won't have him! If I don't marry Adolphus, I won't marry at all!"

"Heaven grant it, sweet cousin!" said Adolphus Pesse in *propria persona*, emerging from behind the window-curtains, where, by some miraculous concatenation of events, he had found himself ensconced for the last hour. "'Tis delightful to act the spy, and hear an advocate so persuasive as you have been Christina—but the cause is desperate."

"Who told you, sir, the cause was desperate?" said Christina, pretending to look offended. "The battle is half gained—my father's anger disappears in a moment. Now, dear Adolphus, don't sigh—don't cross your arms—don't look up to the sky with that heroic frown—I can't bear to groan and be dismal—I want to be gay—to have a ball—to—We shall have such a ball the day of our wedding, Adolphus!"

"Your hopes deceive you, dearest Christina. I know your father better than you do. Ah!" he added, gazing sadly on the beautiful features of the young girl who looked on him so brightly, "you will never be able to resist the brilliant offer that will be made you in exchange for one faithful, loving heart."

"Indeed!" replied Christina, feeling her eyes filling with tears, but endeavouring at the same time to conceal her emotion under an affectation of anger, "your opinion of me is not very flattering; and it is not in very good taste, methinks, to play the despairing lover, especially after the conversation you so honourably overheard."

"Dry that tear, dear girl!" said Adolphus, "I will believe any thing you like."

"Why do you make me cry then? Is it only to have the pleasure of telling me to dry my tears? Or did you think you had some rival; some splendid cavalier that it was impossible to resist—Count Ericson for instance?"

"Oh! as to Ericson I am not at all uneasy. I know you hate him; and besides he is not much richer than myself; but dear, Christina!"

"Well—go on," said the girl, mocking the lugubrious tone of her cousin—"what are you sighing again for?"

"Your father is going to bring you a new lover this evening, and poor Adolphus will be forgotten."

"You deserve it all for your ridiculous suspicions; but you are my cousin, and I forgive you this once." She looked at him with so sunny a smile, and so clear and open-hearted a countenance, that it was impossible to entertain a doubt.

"You love me really, then?" he said—"truly—faithfully?"

"I have told you so a hundred times," replied her cousin. "I am astonished you are not tired of hearing the same thing over and over again."

"'Tis so sweet, so new a thing for me," said Adolphus, "that I could listen to it for ever."

"Well then we love each other—that's very clear," said Christina, with the solemnity of the foreman of a jury delivering a verdict on the clearest evidence; "but since my father won't let us marry, we must wait—that is almost as clear as the other."

"And if he never consents?" enquired Adolphus.

"Never!" exclaimed Christina, to whom such an idea seemed never to have occurred, "can it be possible he will never consent?"

"I fear it is too possible," replied Adolphus, and the shadow fell on his face again.

"Well," said Christina, after a minute's pause, as if she had come to a resolution, "we must always stay as we are. Happiness is never increased by an act of disobedience."

"I think as you do," said the young soldier, admitting her all the more for the death-blow to his hopes; "and are you happy, quite happy, Christina?"

"What a question! Don't I see you every day? Isn't every body kind to me? Is there any thing I want?"

A different answer would have pleased the lover more. He looked at her for some time in silence—at last, in an altered tone, he said—

"I congratulate you on your prudence, Christina."

"I cannot break my father's heart."

"No, but mine, Christina!"

"Adolphus," said the young beauty solemnly, "if I cannot be your wife with the consent of my father, I never will marry another. This is all you can ask; all I can promise."

Filial affection was not quite so strong in Adolphus as in his cousin, and his face was by no means brightened on hearing this declaration. I was so uncommonly proper that it seemed nearly bordering on the cold and heartless. He tried to hate her; he walked up and down the room at a tremendous pace, stopping every now and then to take another glance at the tyrant who had pronounced his doom, and looked as beautiful as ever. He found it impossible to hate her, though we shall not inquire what were his sentiments towards her

worthy progenitor, Count Ericson, the unknown lover, and even the young heroic King; for the sagacious reader must now be informed that this wonderful lovers' quarrel took place in the reign of Charles XII. Our fear is that he disliked all four. Christina found it very difficult to preserve the gravity essential to a heroine's appearance when she saw the long strides and bent brows of her lover. A smile was ready, on the slightest provocation, to make a dimple in her beautiful cheek, and all the biting she bestowed on her lips only made them redder and rosier. Adolphus had no inclination to smile, and could not believe that any body could see the least temptation to indulge in such a ridiculous occupation on such a momentous occasion. He was a regular lover, as Mr. Weller would say, and no mistake. He saw in his fair cousin only a treasure of inestimable price, guarded by two monsters that made his approaches hopeless—avarice and ambition. How differently those two young people viewed the same event! Christina, knowing her power over her father, and unluckily not knowing that fathers (even though they are prime ministers, and are as courtier-like as Polonius) have flinty hearts when their interests are concerned, saw nothing in the present state of affairs to despair about; and in fact, as we have said already, was nearly committing the unpardonable crime of laughing at the grimaces of her cousin. He, poor fellow, knew the world a little better, and perceived in a moment that the new lover whom the ambitious father was going to present to his daughter, was some favourite of the king; and he was well aware, that any one backed by that impetuous monarch, was in a fair way to succeed. The king had seen Christina too—and though despising love himself, was in the habit of rewarding his favourite officers with the hand of the beauties or heiresses of his court; and when, as in this instance, the lady chosen was both—how could he doubt the king had already resolved that she should be the bride of some lucky rival, against whose claims it would be impossible to contend? And Christina standing all the while before him, scarcely able to restrain a laugh! He was only twenty-one—and not half so steady as his grandfather would probably have shown himself in the same circumstances, and being unable to vent his rage on any body else, he poured it all forth upon himself.

"What a fool I have been!—an ass—a dolt—to have been so blinded! But I see now—I deserve all I have got! To have been so deceived by an absurd fit of love—that has lasted all my life, too! But no!—I shall not repay my uncle's kindness to me by robbing him of his only child. I shall go at once to my regiment—I may be lucky enough to get into the way of a cannon—you will think kindly of me when I am gone, though you are so unkind!"

The word died away upon his lips. Large tears filled Christina's eyes, and all her inclination to smile had disappeared. There was something either in his looks or the tone of his voice, or the thought of his being killed, that banished all her gaiety; and in a few minutes the quarrel was made up—the tears dried in the usual manner—vows made—hands joined—and resolutions passed and carried with the utmost unanimity, that no power on earth should keep them from being married. And a very good resolution it was. The only pity was, that it was not very likely to be carried into effect. A father, an unknown lover, and a king, all joined against a poor boy and girl. The odds are very much against Adolphus and Christina.

Now let us examine the real state of affairs as dispassionately as we can. The Count Gyllenberg was ambitious, as became a courtier with an only daughter who was acknowledged on all sides to be the most beautiful girl in Sweden; and as he was aware of the full value of red lips and sparkling eyes in the commerce of life, he was determined to make the most of these perishable commodities while they were at their best, and the particular make and colour of them were in fashion. The Count was rich—and with amply sufficient brains, according to the dictum of one of his predecessors, to govern a kingdom; but he was not warlike; and Charles, who had lately taken the power into his own hands, knew nothing of mankind further than that they were made to be drawn up in opposite lines, and make holes in each other as scientifically as they could. Count Gyllenberg had a decided objection to being made a receptacle for lead bullets or steel swords; and was by no means anxious to murder a single Russian or German, for the sake of the honour of the thing, or for the good of his country. His power resting only on his adroitness in civil affairs, eel-like as it was on the surest foundation; and a prop to it was accordingly wanted. Such a prop had never been seen before, with such sunny looks, and such a happy musical laugh. The looks and the laugh between them, converted the atmosphere of Stockholm into the climate of Italy; and the politician, almost without knowing it, began to be thawed into a father. But the fear of a rival in the king's favour—some gallant soldier—and dozens of them were reported every week—made him resolve once more to bring his daughter's beauties into play. The king had seen her, and, in his boorish way, had expressed his admiration; and Gyllenberg felt assured, that if he should marry his daughter according to the King's wishes, his influence would be greater than ever; and, in fact, that the premiership would be his for life.

Great preparations accordingly were made for the reception of the powerful stranger, the announcement of whose appearance at supper had spread such dismay in the hearts of the two lovers. Christina knew almost instinctively her father's plan, and determined to counteract it. She felt sure that the officer for whom she was destined, and whom she had been ordered to receive so particularly, was one of the new favourites of the warlike king; some leader of a forlorn-hope, created colonel on the field of battle; some young general fresh from some heroic achievement, that had endeared him to his chief; but whoever it was, she was resolved to show him that the crown of Sweden was a very limited monarchy in regard to its female subjects, and that she would have nobody for her husband—neither count, nor colonel, nor general—but only her cousin Adolphus, lieutenant in the Dalecarlian hussars. Notwithstanding this resolution, it is astonishing what a time she stayed before the glass—how often she tried different coloured roses in her hair—how carefully she fitted on her new Parisian robes, and, in short, did every thing in her power to look her very best. What did all this arise from? She wished to show this young favourite, whoever he might be, that she was really as beautiful as people had told him; she wished to convince him that her smile was as sweet, her teeth as white, and her eyes as captivating, her figure as superb, as he had heard them described—and then she wished to show him that all these—smiles—eyes—teeth—figure—were given, along with the heart that made them truly valuable, to another! and that other no favourite of a king—nor even of a minister, but only of a young girl of eighteen.

Radiant with beauty, and conscious of the sensation she was certain to create, she entered the magnificent apartment where supper was prepared—a supper splendid and costly enough to have satisfied a whole army of epicures, though only intended for her father, the stranger, and herself; and if you, oh reader! had been there, you would have thought Christina lovely enough to have excited the admiration of a whole court instead of an old man—and that, too, her father—and a young one, and that none other, to Christina's infinite disgust,

than the very Count Ericson whose acquaintance she had already made, and whom she infinitely and unappeasably disliked. He was the most awkward, stupid-looking young man she ever saw, and had furnished her with a butt for her malicious pleasantries ever since she had known him. He rose to lead her to her seat. "How different from Adolphus! If he is no better performer in the battle-field than at the supper-table, the King must be very ill off for soldiers. What can papa mean by asking such a horrid being to his house! I am certain I shall laugh outright if I look again at his silly grey eyes and long yellow hair, as ragged as a pony's mane."

Such were Christina's thoughts, while she bit her lips to hide, if possible, her inclination to be angry, and to laugh at the same time. And in truth her dislike of the Count did not exaggerate the ridiculousness of the appearance of the tall ungainly figure—large-boned and stiff backed—that now stood before her—with a nose so absurdly aquiline that it would have done for a caricature—coarse-skinned cheeks, and a stare of military impudence that shocked and nearly frightened the high-bred, elegant-looking beauty on whom it was fixed. And yet this individual, such as we have described, had been fixed on by the higher powers for her husband—was this night to be treated as her accepted lover, and, in short, had been closeted for hours every day with her father—settling all the preliminaries of course—for the last six weeks. Christina looked once more at the insolent stare of the triumphant soldier, and made a vow to die rather than speak to him—that is, in the affirmative.

But thoughts of affirmatives and negatives did not seem to enter Count Ericson's head—his grammatical education having probably been neglected. He stood gaping at his prey as a tiger may be supposed to cast insinuating looks upon a lamb, and made every now and then an attempt to conceal either his awkwardness, or satisfaction, or both, in immense fits of laughter, which formed the accompaniment of all the remarks—and they were nearly as heavy as himself—with which he favoured the company. Christina, on her part, if she had given way to the dictates of her indignation, would have also favoured the company with a few remarks, that in all probability would have put a stop to the laughter of the lover, and choked the old father by making a fish-bone stick in his throat. She was angry for twenty reasons, one of them was having wasted a moment over her toilette to receive such a visitor as Count Ericson; another was her father having dared to offer her hand to such an uncouth wooer and intolerable bore; and the principal one of all, was his having rejected his own nephew—uncoubtedly the handsomest of Dalecarlian hussars—in favour of such a vulgar, ugly individual. The subject of these flattering considerations seemed to feel at last that he ought to say something to the young beauty, on whose pouting lip had gathered something which was very different indeed from a smile, and yet nearly as captivating. He accordingly turned his large light eyes from his plate for a moment, and with a mouth still filled with a leg and wing of a capercaillie, enquired—

"What do you think of Alexander the Great, madam?"

This was too much. Even her rage disappeared, and she burst into a loud laugh at the serious face of the querist.

"I never think of Alexander the Great at all," she said. "I only recollect, that when I was reading his history, I could hardly make out whether he was most of a fool or a madman."

Ericson swallowed the leg and the wing of the capercaillie without any further mastication, and launched out in a torrent of admiration of the most prodigious courage the world had ever seen.

"If he had been as prodigiously wise," replied Christina, "as he was prodigiously courageous, he would have learned to govern himself before he attempted to govern the world."

Ericson blushed from chin to forehead with vexation, and answered in an offended tone—

"How can a woman enter into the fever of noble thoughts that impels a brave man to rush into the midst of dangers, and leads him to despise life and all its petty enjoyments to gain undying fame?"

"No, indeed," she replied, "I have no fever, and have no sympathy with destroyers. Oh, if I wished for fame, I should try to gain it by gathering round me the blessings of all who saw me! Yes, father," she went on, paying no regard to the signs and winks of the agonized Count Gyllenberg, "I would rather that countless thousands should live to bless me, than they should die in heaping curses on my name! Men killers—though you dignify them with the name of heroes—are atrocious. Let us speak of them, my lord, no more, unless to pray heaven to rid the earth of such monsters."

A feather of the smallest of birds would have knocked down the Prime Minister of Sweden; and Count Ericson appeared, from his stupefied look, to have gone through the process already—the difficulty was to lift him up again.

"Come, Count," cried the Minister, filling up Ericson's glass with champagne, "to Alexander's glory!"

"With all my heart," cried Ericson, moistening his rage with the delicious sparkler. "Come, fair savage," he added, addressing Christina, and touching her glass with such force that it fell in a thousand pieces on the table—"to Alexander's glory!"

"I have no wish to drink to such a toast," replied Christina, more offended than ever; "I can't endure those scourges of human kind who hide the skin of the tiger beneath the royal robe."

"The girl is mad!" exclaimed the astonished father, who seemed to begin to be slightly alarmed at the flashes of indignation that burst from Count Ericson's wild-looking eyes. "Don't mind what such a silly thing says; she does it only to show her cleverness. What does she know of war or of warriors! She cares for nothing yet but her puppy-dog. She pats it all day, and lets it bite her pretty little hand. Such a hand it is to refuse a pledge to Alexander!"

The politician was on the right track; for such a pretty hand was not in Sweden—nor probably in Denmark either—and the cunning old minister took it between his finger and thumb, and placed it almost on the lip of the irate young worshipper of glory; if it did not actually touch the lip it went very near it, and distinctly moved one or two of the most prominent tufts of the stout yellow mustache. "The little goose," pursued the respectable sire, "to pretend to have an opinion on any subject except the colour of a riband. Upon my honour, I believe she presumes to be a critic of warriors, because she plays a good game of chess. It is one of her accomplishments, Count; and if you will take a little of the conceit out of her, you will confer an infinite obligation on both of us."

Saying this, he lifted with his own ministerial fingers a small table from a corner of the room, and placed it in front of the youthful couple, with the men all ready laid out. Ericson's eyes sparkled at the sight of his favorite game; and he determined to display his utmost skill, and teach his antagonist a few secrets of the art of (mimic) war. But determinations, as has been remarked by several sages, past and present, are sometimes vain. Nothing, one would think, could be so likely to restore a man's self-possession as a quiet

game of chess—an occupation as efficacious in soothing the savage breast as music itself. But Ericson seemed still agitated from the contradictions he had encountered from the free-spoken Christina, and threw a little more politeness into his manner than he had hitherto vouchsafed to show, when he invited her to be his adversary in a game.

"But, if I beat you?" she said ominously, holding up one of the fair fingers to which his attention had been so particularly called, and implying by the question, if you get angry when I only refuse your toast, won't you eat me if I am the winner at chess? "But, if I beat you?" she said.

"That will not be the only occasion on which you will have triumphed over me, you—you!" He seemed greatly at a loss for a word, and concluded his speech with—"beauty!" The expression, which was, no doubt, intended for the most complimentary he could find, was accompanied with a look of admiration so long, so broad, and so impudent, that she blushed, and a squeeze of her hand so hard, so rough, and so continued, that she screamed. She threw a glance of inexpressible disdain on the insolent wooer, and looked for protection to her father; but that venerable individual was at that moment so sound asleep on one of the sofas at the other end of the room, that no noise whatever could have awakened him. Ericson seemed totally unmoved by all the contempt she could express in her looks, and probably thought he was in a thriving condition, from the fact (somewhat unusual) of his being looked at at all. She lost her temper altogether. She covered her cheek, which was flushed with anger, with the little hand that was reddened with pain, and resolved to play her worst to spite her ill-mannered antagonist. But all her attempts at bad play were useless. The board shook beneath the immense hands of Ericson, who was in a tremendous state of agitation, and hardly knew the pieces. He pushed them hither and thither—made his knights slide along with the episcopal propriety of bishops, and made his bishops caracole across the squares with the unseemly elasticity of knights. His game got into such confusion, that Christina could not avoid winning, and at last—enjoying the victory she had determined not to win—she cried out, with a voice of triumph, "Check to the king by the queen."

"Cruel girl!" exclaimed the Count, dashing his hand among the pieces with an energy that scattered them all upon the floor. "Haven't you been anxious to make the king your prisoner?"

"But there is nothing to hinder him from saving himself," answered Christina, looking round once more to her father, who, however, pursued his slumber with the utmost assiduity, and had apparently a very agreeable dream, for a smile was evident at the corners of his mouth. "It is impossible to place the board as it was," she continued, trying to gather up the pieces, and place castles, knights, and pawns in their proper position again.

"Don't try it—don't try it," cried Ericson, losing all command of himself, and pushing the board away from him, till it spun over with all its men on the carpet. "The game is over—you have given me check, and mated me!" And in a moment, as if ashamed of the influence exercised over him by so very unwelcome an individual as a little girl of eighteen, he hurried from the room, stumbling over his enormous sword, which got, somehow or other, between his legs, and cursing his awkwardness and the absurd excess of admiration which caused it.

"That man will surely never come here again," said Christina to her father, as he entered the room an hour after the incidents of the chess-board; for the obsequious minister had followed Ericson in his rapid retreat, and now returned radiant with joy, as if his guest had been the most fascinating of men.

"Not come here again!" chuckled the father. "That's all you know about it. He is dying with impatience to return, and is angry with himself for having wasted the two precious hours of your society in the way he did. He never had two such happy hours in his life."

"Happy! is that what he calls happiness?" answered Christina, opening her eyes in amazement. "I don't know what his notions may be—but mine—oh, father!" she cried, emboldened by the smile she saw on the old man's countenance, "you are only trying me; say you are only proving my constancy, by persuading me that such a being as that has any wish to please me. He is more in love with Alexander the Great than with me; and he is quite right, for he has a far better chance of a return."

"An enthusiasm excusable, my dear, in a young warrior of twenty years of age, whose savage ambition it will be your delightful task to tame. He is in a terrible state of agitation—a most flattering thing, let me tell you, to a young gipsy like you—and you must humour him a little, and not break out quite so fiercely, you minx; and yet you managed very well, too. A fine fellow, Ericson, though a little wild; rich, powerful, nobly born—what can you wish for better?"

"My cousin," answered Christina, with a bluntness that astonished the advocate of Ericson's claims; "my cousin Adolphus, and no other. He is braver than this savage; and as to nobility, he is as nobly born as my own right honourable papa, and that is high enough for me."

"Go, go," said the courtier, a little puzzled by the openness of his daughter's confession, and kissing her forehead at the same time; "go to bed, my girl, and pray for your father's advancement."

Christina, like a dutiful child, prayed as she was told for her father's success and happiness, and then added a petition of her own, shorter, perhaps, but quite as sincere, for her cousin Adolphus. If she added one for herself, it was a work of supererogation, for she felt that in praying for the happiness of her lover, she was not unmindful of her own.

For some days after the supper recorded above, she was too happy tormenting the very object of all these aspirations, to trouble her head about the awkward and ill-mannered protégé of her father, whom she hated with as much cordiality as the most jealous of rivals could desire. But of course she was extremely careful to let no glimpse of this unchristian feeling towards Count Ericson be perceptible to the person who would have rejoiced in it so much. In fact, she carried her philanthropy to such a pitch, that she never mentioned any of the bad qualities of her new admirer, and Adolphus very naturally concluded that she felt as she spoke on the interesting subject. So, all of a sudden, Adolphus, who was prouder than Christina, perhaps because he was poorer, would not condescend to be made a fool of, as he magnanimously thought it, any longer. He had the immense satisfaction of staying away from the house for nearly half a week, and then, when he did pay a visit, he was almost as cold as the formal piece of diplomacy in the bag-wig and ruffles whom he called his uncle; and a great deal stiffer than the beautiful piece of pique, in silk gown and white satin corset, whom he called his cousin. Christina was dismayed at the sudden change—Adolphus never spoke to her, seldom looked at her, and evidently left the coast clear—so she thought—for the rich and powerful rival her father had so strongly supported. After much thinking, some sulkiness, and a good many fits of crying, Christina resolved, as the best way of recovering her own peace of mind, and the love of her cousin Adolphus, to put an end in a very decided manner to the pretensions of the Count. One day, accordingly, she watched her opportunity, and followed with anxious eyes her father's retreat from the room,

under pretence of some important despatches to be sent off. She found herself alone with the object of her dislike—and only waited for a beginning to the conversation, that she might astonish his weak mind with the severity of her invectives. In fact, she had determined, according to the vulgar phrase, to tell him a bit of her mind—and a very small bit of it, she was well aware, would be sufficient to satisfy Count Ericson of the condition of all the rest. But the lover was in a contemplative mood, and stood as silent as a milestone, and looking almost as animated and profound. She sighed, she coughed, she dropt her handkerchief. All wouldn't do—the milestone took no notice—Christina at last grew angry, and could contain herself no longer.

"I dreamt of you last night," she said by way of a beginning. "I hope in future you will leave my sleep undisturbed by your presumptuous presence. It is bad enough to be forced to see you when one is awake."

"And I, also, had a dream," replied Ericson, starting from his reverie, confused, and only having heard the first part of the somewhat fierce attack. "I dreamt that you looked at me with a smile, a long, long look, so sweet, so winning. It was a happy dream!"

"It was a false one," she said, with tremendous bitterness. "I know better where to direct my smiles, whether I am awake or asleep."

"And how did I appear to you?" asked the Count, presenting a splendid specimen in his astonished look of the state of mind called "the dumfounded" by some learned philosophers, and by others "the flabbergasted."

"You appeared to me like the nightmare! frightful and unsupportable as you do to me now," was the answer, accompanied with the look and manner that showed she was a judge of nightmares, and thought him a very unfavourable specimen of the animal.

"Ill-natured little tyrant!" cried Ericson, rushing to her, "teach me how you would have me love you, and I will do every thing you ask!" In a moment he had seized her in his arms, and imprinted a kiss of prodigious violence on her cheek, which was redder than fire with rage and surprise!

But the assault did not go unpunished. The might of Samson woke in that insulted bosom, and lent such incredible weight to the blow that fell on the aggressor's ear, that it took him a long time to believe that the thump proceeded from the beautiful little hand he had so often admired; or, in short, from any thing but a twenty-four pounder. He rubbed the wounded organ with astonishing assiduity for some time. At last he said, in a very calm and measured voice,

"Your father has deceived me, young lady. He led me to believe you did not receive my visits with indifference."

"My father knows nothing about things of that kind," replied Christina, still flaming with indignation; "or he never would have let such an ill-mannered monster into his house. But he was right in saying I did not receive your visits with indifference; your visits, Count Ericson, can never be indifferent to me, and—"

What more she would have said, it is impossible to discover, for she was interrupted by the sudden entrance of her cousin, who only heard her last words, and started back at what he considered so open a declaration of her attachment.

"Who are you, sir?" asked Ericson in an angry tone, and with such an assumption of superiority, that Christina's hand tinged to give him a mark of regard on his other ear.

"A soldier," answered Adolphus, drawing his sword from its sheath, and instead of directing it against his rival, laying it haughtily on the table. "A soldier who has bled for his country, and would be happy," he added, "to die for it."

"Say you so?" said Ericson, "then we are friends." He held out his hand.

"We are rivals," replied Adolphus, drawing back.

"Christina loves you, then?" enquired the Count.

"She has told me so; and I was foolish enough to believe her. It is now your turn to trust to the truth of a heartless woman. She has told you you are not an object of indifference to her, and I resign my pretensions in your favour."

"In whose favour?" cried Christina, trembling; while tears sprang to her eyes.

"The King's!" replied Adolphus, retiring sorrowfully.

Christina sank on a seat, and covered her face with her hands.

"Stay," cried Charles the Twelfth in a voice of thunder; "stay I command you."

The young man obeyed; biting his lips to conceal his emotion, till the blood came.

"I have seen you," said the King, "but not in this house."

"It was shut against me by my uncle when you were expected," said Adolphus.

"And yet I have seen you somewhere. What is your name?"

"Adolphus Hesse; the son of a brave officer who died fighting for you, and leaving me his misfortunes and the tears of his widow."

"Who told you I was not Count Ericson?"

"My eyes. I know you well."

"And I recollect you also," said Charles, advancing to the young man with a manner very different from that which characterized him in his intercourse with the softer sex. "Where did you get that scar on the left temple?"

"At Nerva, sire, where we tamed the pride of the Russians."

"True, true!" cried Charles, his nostrils dilated as if he snuffed up the carnage of the battle. "You need but this as your passport," he continued, placing his finger on the wound, "to ask me any favour, ay, even to measure swords with you, as I daresay you would be delighted to do in so noble a quarrel as the present; for on the day of that glorious fight, I learned, like you, the duty of a soldier, and the true dignity of a brave man. By the balls that rattled about our heads so playfully, give me your hand, brother, for we were baptized together in fire!"

Charles appeared to Christina, at this time, quite a different man addressing his fellow soldier, from what he had done upsetting the chess-board. Curiosity had dried her eyes, and she lost not a word of the conversation. The King turned to her with a smile.

"By my sword, Christina! I am but a poor wooer; one movement of your hand," and he touched his ear playfully as he spoke, "has banished all the silly thoughts that in a most traitorous manner had taken my heart prisoner. Speak, then, as forcibly as you act. Do you love this brave soldier?"

"Yes, sire."

"Who hinders the marriage?"

"The courtship of Count Ericson, with which my father perpetually threatens me."

"O ho!" thought Charles, "I see how it is. The King must console himself with the kiss, and pass the blow on the ear to the minister. Christina," he added aloud, "your father refuses to give you to the man you love; but he'll

do it now, for it is my will. You'll confess, I am sure, that if I was your night-mare as a lover, I am not your enemy as king."

"I confess it on my knees;" replied the humble beauty, taking her place beside her cousin, who knelt to his sovereign. While Charles joined the hands of the youthful pair, he imprinted a kiss on the fair brow of Christina; the last he ever bestowed on woman.

"Your Majesty pardons me then?" enquired the trembling girl. "If I had known it was the King, I would not have hit so hard."

That same evening Count Gyllenborg signed a contract of marriage, to which the name of Count Ericson was not appended, though it was witnessed by Charles the Twelfth; and in a few days afterward, the old politician presided at the wedding dinner, and, by royal command, did the honours so nobly, and appeared so well pleased on the occasion, that nobody suspected that he had ever had higher dreams of ambition than to see his daughter happy; and if such had been his object, all Sweden knew that in bestowing her on her cousin he was eminently successful.

For the Anglo American.

TO MISS L.—

Lady, if any prayer of mine,
Could smooth for thee, Life's troubled way,
I'd pray for nought, but thee and thine,
In prayer I'd breathe my soul away.
I'd pour the yearnings of this breast,
For thee, before His mercy's seat,
And hope that nought but flow'rs would rest,
Beneath thy ever trusting feet.

I knew thee not, but yet I felt,
When first I met thy soul-lit eyes,
My heart within me warm, and melt—
In dreams too sweet for Paradise;
To distant years, my thoughts took flight,
And there I saw thee by my side,
Tripping o'er sunny paths of light,
Through Life's gay bow'rs, a happy Bride.

But 'twas a dream. For me, how vain,
To sigh for Love, to dream of bliss,
When Disappointment and her train,
Have scoff'd at me for hopes like this.
I can but pray thy coming years,
May be as bright, as those now gone,
As full of smiles—as free from tears,
As those thou sigh'st to think upon.

Yes, may thy life be glad and gay,
May Love forever round thee bloom,
And bright-eyed Hope beside thee stay,
To chase the shadows from thy tomb.
And when at last thy gentle form,
Is laid forever from our sight,
Oh may thy soul be wafted home,
On Angel wings, to realms of light.

And now while pass the rosy hours,
Midst budding hopes, and joy's sweet tears,
Oh may thou cull the past's bright flow'rs,
And strew them o'er thy coming years.
And when around the glittering brim
Of Life's sweet cup, bright sparkles play,
Oh, wilt thou breathe a sigh for him,
Who lives for thee, for thee to pray.

BROOKLYN, L. I.

F.

SUWARROW.

About this time arose a leader for her [Russian] troops, whose genius comprehending at once their peculiar character, enabled him to make the utmost of it. —Suwarrow, whom posterity has learned to regard as a mixture of the soldier, the monster, and the buffoon. Brought up in the career of arms from his youth, and endowed with that degree of unerring sagacity, and inflexibility of resolution which cannot fail to lead to greatness; and well aware, from his long military experience of what is most required in war, he conceived the idea of working on the religious fanaticism, and the superstition of the Russian soldier. He found that hitherto his most valuable qualities were fortitude and obedience and a steadiness which was the result of fearing more to disobey his superiors, than the danger which surrounded him. Suwarrow succeeded in infusing into him a more active principle of action, in inspiring him with a belief in the sanctity of his cause, which led with many to contempt of death, which fanaticism is as likely to give rise to in the timid as in the bold; and in animating all with a superstitious confidence in himself, as the man called to conquer, and chosen by the Almighty will to lead them to victory. He attracted the attention of the army by innumerable eccentricities and buffoneries; and, to become a conqueror, he consented to be regarded by his soldiers as half an idiot; but an idiot inspired of Heaven to lead its chosen people against the Turkish infidel, and the impious republican of France, who had denied his God. To all his most skilful movements he affected to give an air of chance, or rather of fatality; for he foresaw that whatever his success, if attributed to its real cause the soldier would never have had the same confidence in the infallibility of his military genius, as in the infallibility of Heaven, which otherwise was supposed to guide him. On a cold winter's day this general has been known, after giving the order to march, by imitating the crowing of the cock, to mount on the bare back of a horse, with no other clothing but his shirt, and to lead his troops against the enemy. For years he had never carried watch or money about his person; when he slept beneath a roof, it was on straw, and with all the windows open; he dined in drilling the troops on a crust of their black bread; and the Field Marshal of Imperial armies was seen for whole days teaching his recruits their exercise, in his shirt sleeves, as if he had no duty more important to attend to. He was the Junius Brutus—not of freedom—but of ambition. If he made his warriors by turns tremble at his severity, or laugh at his buffoonery, it was evident that he also knew how to make them fight. Under his command, the two most dreadful storms took place which modern history records, those of Ismail and of the suburb of Praga; and the same army which twenty years before could only be forced by batteries of cannon in their rear, to assault the feeble walls of Ochacow, is seen carrying at the point of the bayonet fortifications containing armies within almost as powerful as those attacking them from without, and at an expense of life which renders them unparalleled in his-

tory. In Poland, in Italy, and in Switzerland, during his wars, the Russian soldiers showed an individual gallantry which they never been had know to display they never surrendered, though surrounded, but died embracing the image of their saint, which was attached in an amulet to their necks. In these men, the republicans met with adversaries animated with an enthusiasm equal to their own; and whose leader was endowed with a degree of boldness, of prudence, and a consummate skill, which turned the balance in their favour, and led them from victory to victory, until the defeat of the detached army of Korsakoff obliged Suwarrow to make that remarkable retreat before Massena, which crowned his military reputation, and left his veterans the right to boast, as we have heard some of them do,—that Suwarrow was never cold, afraid, or defeated.

His career was, on the whole, so brilliant and so successful, that one cannot but regret that his extraordinary abilities should not have been devoted to a nobler cause. After his Turkish campaigns, he conquered Poland, although defended by the most able of her patriots—Kosciusko—the friend and companion in arms of Washington,—the man who, with 6000 Poles, withstood the assault of the whole Russian army on one occasion, and whose talents would probably have insured the independence of his country, had he not been opposed by a genius which, although the genius of rapine and conquest, was still more mighty than his own. At the moment that the Prussians had been forced to raise the siege of Warsaw, that fortune was beginning to favour the Polish arms, and the approaching winter would shortly have rendered all the roads impassable to the invading armies, after a most obstinate struggle, we find the army of the Polish hero defeated, and himself made prisoner upon the field, losing with his own liberty the liberty of Poland. In his subsequent campaigns in Italy, he had to contend with the most successful troops in Europe, commanded by the most skilful Generals of their time, in a series of hard-fought battles against Moreau and Macdonald. He defeated and drove them before him, not by dint of superior numbers or Austrian co-operation, as the French historians would disingenuously insinuate, for the reverse was often the case, that is to say, that including the Austrians, he was in most instances inferior in force to the Republicans, and that the Austrians, discouraged by incessant defeat, were despised both by their allies and their enemies. At Novi, in a sanguinary battle, he defeated the young and hopeful General of the Republic, Joubert, who never quitted that fatal field. Weakened by a long succession of bloody combats, in which he had fought his way always victorious, he crossed the Alps, to effect in Switzerland a junction with the reinforcing army which Korsakoff had led from Russia, and with the aid of which he proposed to carry the war upon the territory of the republic; but Korsakoff proved the Asdrubal of the Muscovite Hannibal; for, instead of bringing him the addition he had expected to his strength, he arrived in his camp as a fugitive, leading after him the wretched wreck of the defeat of Zurich. This battle, in which the difference of the Russian leaders was throughout apparent, showed also strikingly the peculiar spirit of the Russian soldier of that date. Broken up, and divided into small groups, they were mostly cut down without surrendering, and muttering their prayers when isolated, defended themselves till the last gasp. After the masterly retreat Suwarrow made when checked by this disaster, which it never lay in his power to have controlled, he was recalled, and died in disgrace, after nearly half a century of uninterrupted successes. Suwarrow, instead of being the rough, untutored, and semi barbarous soldier, which he did every thing to make himself appear, or the monster of cruelty which the popular tradition of Western Europe represents him, was a man of liberal education, of subtle and sagacious mind, and whose persevering cunning induced him to play all his life, before the public, the singular part which he had thought proper to act. The habits of the character he had assumed, had grown upon him; he had so long feigned the buffoon, the punster, and the man acting by impulse, that even all his communications with his Sovereigns bore the impress of his grotesque originality; and Catherine and her Court found in the captor of Ismael and of Praga, and in the conqueror of Poland, an obscene jester, and a guard-house wit, until, casting aside this garment of folly, in the council he proved himself the eloquent politician, and the far-seeing statesman, as well as the sagacious soldier, and the man of execution. When campaigning in Italy, Suwarrow, who was supposed to be as ignorant as his soldiers, was opening a correspondence with the Vendean insurgents in the west of France, to whom he wrote with his own hand, in the French language; and he owed not a little of his success in Italy to his policy. That he was a mere soldier, heedless of bloodshed in the field, and reckless of human life, is undeniable; but he never, throughout his career, committed any act of more wanton cruelty than any other of the generals of his time, whose conduct posterity has never thought of branding with this vice. It is true a prodigious massacre took place at the storming of Ismael; and on a similar occasion his troops put mercilessly to the sword 10,000 of the inhabitants and of the defenders of the suburbs of Warsaw. But this is one of the dreadful laws of war, which, when a place is taken by assault, the victorious soldiers seldom fail enforcing, and which many years after we find the Duke of Wellington unable to prevent his men from carrying into execution in all its most sanguinary horrors at the taking of St. Sebastian, against the friendly Spanish population within it. He is reproached with quietly taking a bath whilst the massacre was going on in the streets of Praga, and with having, whilst the Turkish city was paying the same fearful penalty, penned to the Empress Catherine an account of his success, in the well-known laconic epistle, consisting of two doggerel rhymes, which translate literally—

Glory to God, and glory unto you!

The fort is taken, and I am in it—too!

But these acts prove only indifference to the suffering around him—an indifference which must be pretty general amongst those who mingle in such scenes, but argues no wanton delight in it. His address to the Empress, which Byron cites as so blasphemous, is yet no more so than the Te Deum and Thanksgivings by which the Almighty is so impiously insulted, after every successful scene of murder and butchery, by nations far more civilized, and which profess to be the enlightened followers of the mild doctrines of that Christ who ordered Peter to put up the sword of aggression; and who commands his disciples, when they received a buffet on one cheek, to turn the other meekly towards their enemy. When the deputies from Warsaw came to Suwarrow whilst the sack of the suburb was proceeding, having obtained the terms of surrender which they proposed for the city, viz., that the lives and property of its inhabitants should be spared, they were hurriedly departing, when Suwarrow called them back, "You have forgotten," he said, "to stipulate an amnesty for the past; I grant it you." In the course of his campaigns in Poland, he has performed several generous acts, such as sending his own surgeon into a fort he was besieging, to attend to the Commander, and caring a wounded officer of the hostile army in his own camp, and then giving him again his liberty. That he held too cheaply human life to have spared it, where he could forward the execution of his projects, can no more be doubted of him than of most of the Generals of his epoch; but we have in vain searched his history to find any acts which would

show the innate barbarity with which his conduct has been stigmatised; but we have fallen on a few actions scattered through the pages of that turbulent life, which rather tend to prove the contrary.

A WET DAY AT KILLARNEY.

"Pour—pour—pour!—a thorough day of Killarney rain—pour—pour—pour—unceasingly! The noble trees of Mucross absolutely bend beneath the weight of waters. The cock who crowed so proudly yesterday, and carried his tail as if it were a Repeal-banner, has just tottered past, his crested peck stooped, and his long feathers trailing in the mud;—the hens have disappeared altogether. The pigs!—no one ever did see a pig at liberty about Clogheen;—compulsatory stay-at-homes! But there is a pony waiting to carry some one up to Mangerton—his ears laid back, and the water flowing down his sides. Three of the glen girls, with their goats'-milk and potten, having stood for at least two hours under what, in ordinary weather, would be called 'the shelter of the trees,'—but now the trees look as if they themselves wanted shelter. And so the glen girls, with their yellow streaming hair, and piggins and bottles, and cracked tea-cups, have disappeared. Dill, poor little fuzzy-faced dog, has crept into the parlour wet and shivering, and is now looking up at the fire, composed of logs of holly, and huge lumps of turf,—in a *distracted* sort of way, not grinning as usual—the nearest approach to a human laugh we ever saw on a dog's face. The men who passed and repassed yesterday, carrying hampers of turf slung across their shoulders—what has become of them? Certainly, they did not hurry at their occupation; but took it easy—very easy;—lounging along in a somnambulist sort of a style, indicative of a strong desire for repose. A few of the village children have passed to the pretty school; and they have either galloped through the rain like young rough-shod colts, or gone in detachments—threes and fours, sheltered beneath their mother's cloak—a moving tent of grey or blue cloth. Everything appears shivering and nerveless—nature's energies seem washed away—the calf that was 'mooring' all yesterday to its mother has not the spirit now to move its tasselled tail, or raise its ears, or ask for a drop of milk. The gentle, patient 'fishing gentleman,' whom three years ago we left in a boat on Torc Lake, and discovered on the very same spot this summer—he whose name is never mentioned without a blessing, has come forth, looked up, shook his head twice at the clouds, then disappeared altogether, to tie flies, or perhaps count, as we have been doing, the number of rain-drops hanging from the window-frame, and wondering which will fall first. A little shock-headed girl, whose wild eyes glitter from out her hair, her cloak hanging in what artists call *wet drapery* around her, has just brought in news that the bridge is under water.

"How different is the soft splashy sound of the bare-footed peasants, who, at long intervals, slop past the windows, to the sharp clinking patters of English dwellers in country villages!

"We migrate from the dwelling-house to the covered car. It is a sort of miniature wagon; and though the wind still blows, and the rain still pours, we heed neither, but drive through the Mucross Gate, opened by the civil Nolan. Certainly, the Kerry people are the civillest and gentlest in all Ireland—ever ready and good-natured. It pours incessantly; yet the driver Jerry, heedless of the rain, only hopes we shall get a view of something, for we deserve it. The beautiful cows are grouped under the trees that so often afford them shelter—but now each leaf is a water-spout. We can only distinguish the outline of the Abbey—pour—pour—the lake has overflowed all its banks, and we splash through the water where the road is generally high and dry. Suddenly, as we arrive at Brickeen Bridge, the rain ceases, and while we get out of the car the sun bursts forth through the gorged clouds; his face has a damp, drowned aspect, yet words convey no idea of the effects of the sudden sunshine on the landscape; the view both to the right and left, created as it were, in a moment by the sudden burst of light, is magical; the clouds roll up the mountains—woods, hills, valleys, rocks, cascades, are all illuminated; but, in less time than it has taken us to write this line, the sun is again enclosed by a wall of black clouds; the vapours pour down the mountains, and we are thankful, as we ought to be, for the shelter of the 'covered car.' We dash through the drive that encircles the beautiful demesne—up hill and down dale—Jerry pausing now and then, and exclaiming, 'Oh! den, but it is a pity! dere is a beautiful view, just there!—Well praise to de Almighty, but it is a wonderful day of rain, and no end to it.' We get out at Dinis Island, and walk through the pouring shower to the best point for seeing the Old Weir. Ay! that is indeed worth seeing—it is almost impossible to believe we have ever glided under that arch, as if floating on air; the mountain streams are rushing down on every side; they have roused the lake; torrent meets torrent in fierce encounter; they lash each other, and foam and raise their crested heads, until the Old Weir Bridge seems to sink into the raging flood. It is really very glorious—well worth the trouble—yes, certainly, *very* well worth seeing, although it be of all others the thing in nature most distasteful—a beauty in a passion." Mrs. S. C. Hall's Week at Killarney.

ST. PETERSBURG AND ITS INHABITANTS IN 1843.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY."

St. Petersburg—the offspring of the first Peter—is the type of that modern Russia with the existence of which it is coeval—modern Russia, corrupt, polished, and uncivilized, its oriental barbarism glossed over by the varnish of European usages.

It is not yet a hundred and forty years since the first buildings of this imperial city replaced the fishermen's huts on the banks and marshy islets of the Neva, and it is little more than that period since the ground on which it stands was Swedish territory. No city in Europe is more striking to the beholder than St. Petersburg—few, perhaps, are less imposing. The magnificence of its squares, its buildings, and canals, and the advantageous manner in which its most imposing monuments are grouped together, produce an effect no European city can rival. But then the incongruous medley of the Greek and mixed southern architecture of its remarkable buildings, with the domes and minarets of Muscovite churches, gold, blue, green, silver, and star-be-spangled, and the modern and parvenu look of the stuccoed fronts of its gigantic edifices—many of them in a taste worthy the constructors of Buckingham palace, or the national gallery—the very whiteness of the plaster, in an atmosphere as clear and void of smoke as that of Italy, irresistibly reminds us that it is a thing of yesterday. There are none of those historical associations connected with the spot which invest with interest the moss-grown buildings of the middle ages, and cause us to look with some reverence on the mean old narrow streets and churches of more ancient cities. Neither has architecture or sculpture any of those treasures to offer to our view which in older countries reward our patient research. Vast triumphal gates and arches rise before the beholder, the arms and trophies obviously of stucco, painted bronze; and the gigantic steeds and statues of that metal which surmount them are lamentable in execution. Everywhere the idea seems to have prevailed of raising edifices Egyptian-like and

Babylonian, such as the genius of Martin conceived to have stood on the place of now sand-covered ruins. But the idea has only been carried out as far as magnitude is concerned; for instead of bearing the impress of time-defying solidity, which we know to have outlasted the very memory of empires passed away, so characteristic of Egyptian monuments—or the architectural magnificence which modern imagination has transferred to canvass—St. Petersburg, with its gigantic piles, has nothing in its favour but their magnitude;—we gaze on them with no more awe than on the miniature Gothic castle of the cockney; and if in St. Petersburg every thing reminds us that it has sprung up like a rapidly developed marsh-plant from the morass on which its pile-sustained foundations rest, so we labour under the painful and irresistible impression that it will be as ephemeral.

It is said that the soil of St. Petersburg is in many parts fathomless bog, and that the piles rather float than directly sustain the buildings above them; and it is well known that a prevalence of west winds—such as, if rare, will probably occur once in a century or two—would suffice to raise the waters of the gulf of Finland high enough to sweep away the devoted city. It will be remembered how nearly this happened in the reign of Alexander. Added to these prognostications, this impression is assisted by the perishable aspect of the stupendous piles which everywhere rise around us—whose stuccoed walls are always peeling and cracking, to the gripe of the keen frost and the blistering sun.

We have a due regard for the advantages and utility of stucco and plaster;—they are pleasing screens for the dark dirty surface of brick; and applied to the unsparring habitations of humble privacy, look neatness and economy; but when used in the idle attempt to render vast buildings imposing, and moulded into classic architectural forms, it renders them absurd instead of effective, almost in proportion to their vastness. The few exceptions to this observation in St. Petersburg are only exceptions as far as material is concerned; and in this respect they are most striking ones, and only serve to render the want of architectural genius still more remarkable.

Perhaps the only two buildings in St. Petersburg which, independent of their size, have any claims on our attention are comparatively insignificant ones. We allude to the Academy of Fine Arts, on the right bank of the Neva, and the marble palace, formerly the residence of the Empress Catherine, on the opposite shore. The latter is also called the palace of Taurida, because faced with red marble, brought from that spot. But though creditable taste and material concurred in its construction, it is inconsiderable in size, and is a mere Italian palace—such as rise in whole streets along the canals of fallen Venice.

The two principal exceptions to the ever-recurring plaster and stucco which cover the ill-made brick of which the stupendous buildings of the Russian metropolis are constructed, are indeed in this respect remarkable. One is the largest monolithic column in the world. We do not remember the exact height of the pillar of one single piece of polished red granite, its base and capital of bronze, but it strikes us as being not far, in all, inferior in size to the monument raised to the memory of the Duke of York in Waterloo-place.

The Alexander column is looked on with justifiable pride by the Russians, because it is the most remarkable of the kind in the whole world; neither ancient nor modern times ever saw so large a piece of stone fashioned from the quarry. But then art has done its best to spoil the effect which this work produces. The column is surmounted by a gigantic figure of Hope, holding the cross, and pointing upwards, but in attitude so unfortunate that, seen from two sides, the exceeding small head of the heavenly handmaid, which is unaccountably poked forward, is hidden by the perpendicular of the cross, and looks the representation of a headless figure, reminding one irresistibly of the favourite English sign of the "original Good Woman."

The very anecdotes connected with this column fill a volume, and are highly illustrative of the state of things in Russia. When the enormous cylindrical block of granite was to be brought from the coast of Finland, where it was cut, the job was intrusted to the military engineer department; but whilst a commission of generals and colonels were debating on how to set about it, an illiterate peasant, of a class who contract for work to be done by bands of labourers or slaves they hire from their masters, set about the task in his own way, and succeeded in it.

This splendid pillar was found to contain a deep crack, which was hastily filled up with cement, and the whole polished over; but when raised to its present position a few summers and winters rendered the crack again apparent. That the column was cracked there could be no doubt—that the crack will spread in a stone so durable as red granite is another question. But in Russia nothing belonging to the government can be admitted to have even a flaw. The imperial vanity was touched, and a commission of admirals, generals, and counsellors of state was formed, to proceed to the top of the column by a scaffolding, and verify the existence or non-existence of the alleged flaw, which stared all St. Petersburg in the face. Whether the commission endeavoured to deceive the emperor by reporting as he wished—for it is always an ungracious task to be the bearer of any tidings which disturb the serenity of the spring head of the state—or whether they had their cue to deceive the public, is difficult to determine; but they unanimously agreed that "it was an optical delusion, occasioned by the imperfect polish of that part," &c.

We cannot charitably admit that all the members of the unanimous commission were themselves deceived, unless they were more than St. Thomas-like; because two of them were previously heard to admit that they had themselves put their fingers into the crevice before the column was raised up at all.

The great cathedral of St. Isaac's, the reproach of many reigns, under which it was successively built up, half pulled down, and quite neglected, is the pride and boast of the present, and is rapidly drawing to its completion. It is an edifice of first-rate magnitude; its walls are faced with stupendous blocks of gray polished Finnish marble; and above a hundred monolithic pillars, of red polished granite, with bronze capitals, are ranged in triple rows before its portals, besides the smaller ones which surround the drum of the iron dome. The dome itself is gilded over, and surrounded by gigantic statues of bronze angels. If the church of St. Isaac's, though very large, has no pretensions on account of unequalled size—St. Peter's at Rome, St. Paul's in London, St. Maria's in Florence, and St. Sophia's at Constantinople, all exceeding it—yet the splendid materials of which it is built ought to have ranked it amongst the first religious edifices in the world: instead of which it stands a monument of the perverse ingenuity of bad taste, in giving to the most imperishable matter an aspect at once frail, tawdry, and heavy.

The first thing which strikes one on contemplating this edifice is the sombre aspect given to it by the dark colour of the gray marble with which the walls are based, and of the deep red brown granite of its columns: it is sombre without being solemn, like the time-grayed walls of Gothic buildings—because it is span new, and will always appear so, on account of the polished surface on the marble and granite.

This colour, added to the small-sized windows, and absence of all relief on

the gray, massive, ponderous wall, gives it an aspect of peculiar heaviness; but then when we lift our eyes above to the drum and dome, the air of solidity which might somewhat relieve architectural heaviness is utterly destroyed, because this is all constructed of sheet iron, which is painted red and gray to imitate the colour of the marble and granite below, but without deceiving the most inexperienced eye as to its being stone, rather impress it as being composed of some material frail and perishable, such as painted wood.

The capitals of all the columns are castings of brass, and produce an effect disagreeable from their sharpness. They are bronze-coloured. The drum is surrounded by similar huge statues of bronze angels—stiff, and divested of any sculptural merit; but the dome itself, according to the Muscovite taste, is all gilded over. Now perhaps this barbaric taste, if extended a little further, and applied to all the bronze work of the edifice, would have improved its appearance; for without rendering it more gaudy it would have relieved the darkness of the stone, and at least have given it an aspect of completeness and finish which is now wanting; for the mixture of bronze and gilding produces the irresistible impression that the latter is a bright brass coating, about to undergo the operation of bronzing over.

It is said that the soil of the spot on which this cathedral is built of a nature to render the foundation as frail and perishable as the upper part of it appears to be. It consists of a deep bog, through the hardened crust of which it has been necessary to drive so much timber as forms a sort of raft to uphold the stupendous mass which floats upon it, and as soon as this timber rots away the mighty building must naturally sink into the deep slough beneath it.

This edifice was originally begun in marble, and continued by the Emperor Paul in brick. The epigram pasted on its walls and which may be freely translated as follows,

An emblem in these walls behold,
Both of this reign and of the past;
This brick—whilst marble was the last—

is well known to have cost an innocent man his tongue, which was cut out by order of the emperor, on his being designated as the author by the police, who were obliged to find a culprit, and unable to discover the real one. The marble reign to which he alludes is that of the Empress Catherine.

Although we are far from being convinced of what is stated about the bog foundation of the St. Isaac's church, we are so of the fact that the massive walls have already cracked and opened, although the cathedral itself is as yet unfinished, or only justly completed. But this circumstance, which considerably alarmed the architects at the time, has been attributed to the injudicious junction of a new with the old brick wall, when one shrinking but not the other, produced by converse means exactly the effect of pouring boiling water into a thick glass, where one part of it expands while the other remains stationary; so here the old wall remained *in statu quo*, whilst the new one shrank, the consequence of which was the divorce of this ill-assorted union. This version at least will perfectly account for the disseverment of the interior wall, without referring to the fact of any insecurity of the cathedral from its alleged floating foundation.

The glaring errors and discrepancies which this building exhibits must not, however, be attributed to Montferrand, its nominal architect. He has been partly obliged to guide himself by the ideas of his predecessors, and daily, during its construction, to conform to every fancy of authoritative ignorance; so that for aught we know, every thing worthy of praise may be his own, all that is censurable attributable to others. But if it proves, perhaps, nothing against him, he has proved nothing in his favour by this stupendous building—for stupendous it is, though about as far inferior in size to St. Paul's as St. Paul's is to St. Peter's. In the grandeur of its aspect, in its harmonious proportions, the smoke-blackened St. Paul's is still more widely superior to St. Isaac's than in its size; and yet the St. Isaac's—perhaps the last church of similar magnitude which will ever be constructed, now that an era so universally utilitarian is opening upon us—was built under circumstances far more favourable than Wren or Brunelleschi or any of their brethren enjoyed. Wren built the dome of St. Paul's a cone of brick, and rounded it with timber. The vast stone domes of Brunelleschi required the singular hardihood of his own genius. But at the present time the most unenterprising of the brotherhood know the facilities which the improvement in iron-work has afforded,—rendering common-place, works which before were marvellous, and submitting, as it were, a new element to the plastic hand of the architect. The matter-of-fact and practical Tredgold shows that an iron bridge of a single arch may be made to span the Thames!

The dome of St. Isaac's is indeed of iron; but here is a misapplication of the element of architectural sublimity; it is made to look like painted wood or plaster, instead of being used to accomplish, according to its capability, what no other known material can.

The Muscovite cathedral is not confined or crowded by adjacent buildings; for it fronts a square, or rather a quadrangle, called not improperly the St. Isaac's plain, and sometimes the St. Isaac's steppe, by the hypercritical Russians, whose true national taste shows as great an abhorrence of an open space, as the old philosophers imagined nature to entertain of a vacuum. On this quadrangle a hundred thousand troops have been assembled, and it is surrounded by gigantic buildings—the finest in St. Petersburg; besides containing the two most remarkable monuments in the city,—the statue of Peter, and the monolithic column, both already mentioned.

The senate-house, the war ministry, the government offices, the imperial winter palace, and the admiralty, frown down upon it in all their stuccoed grandeur. One of its issues is through a triumphal arch; three others are up three principal streets of the city, of which one, the Nevsky prospect, is as wide as Portland-place, and about four miles in length. On each side of the admiralty it opens across the noble river a vista of the opposite quays, buildings, custom-house, rostral columns, and castle.

These rostral columns, which were respectable when raised as trophies in old Rome, and adorned by the prows or beaks of the captured Carthaginian ships, are in themselves inelegant, and become ludicrous when formed of brick and blistering plaster, such as those of the Vasili Ostroff.

The imperial winter palace, whose roof shelters upwards of three thousand individuals, is the residence of the emperor; it adjoins the Hermitage, a spot notorious in Catherine's private history, now undergoing partial reconstruction, and used as a picture-gallery. The winter palace, a most ungainly building, is crowded by a row of ponderous figures surmounting its roof; and if there is nothing to admire about it but its plate-glass, it is remarkable, as having been after its destruction by fire, reconstructed and furnished within the twelve-month,—somehow, it would appear, at the expense of its solidity, since three or four years after the roofing of it, its state-hall came down!

The uncouth figures with which it is surmounted, as well as the angels surrounding the dome of the cathedral, have so much of the Russian military stiffness and uniformity in their aspect, as quite to justify the expression of the admiring peasants, who call them "rocks," or companies of angels.

It will be understood that if the buildings and monuments which we have mentioned will not bear individual scrutiny and inspection, they are most advantageously grouped together. Beyond the Hermitage, a row of private palaces continues this line of lordly piles up to the palace of Taurida, which borders on the Champ de Mars, a square where the hundred thousand men who have been reviewed on the Isaac's Plain, have found room to manoeuvre. The summer-gardens skirt one side of it, and on the other are the palaces of the Grand Duke Michel; and the uninhabited Michel Palace, surrounded by the moat, which the suspicious disposition of Paul caused to be dug around it, but which did not prevent its becoming the scene of his assassination.

The Nevsky prospect, the largest of the three principal streets which diverge fanlike from the Isaac's Plain, displays the greatest part of the wealth of the capital. The nearer end is at once its Bond-street, Regent-street, and Palais Royal. All the richest shopkeepers display their most valuable and fashionable wares, English and Parisian, in the windows. Towards the middle of it rises the "Gostinnoi Dvor," a vast semi-oriental bazaar, containing some thousand shops, tenanted by the bearded Muscovite merchants. Beyond this the houses dwindle in size, and nothing but the humble-looking shops, in the old Russian style, meet the eye. But besides the vast bazaar, the showy part of the street contains the Kazan church, or ex-cathedral, a theatre, an imperial palace, a Lutheran, and a Roman Catholic church; and each of the private houses being tenanted by from two hundred to two thousand inmates, who occupy sets of apartments as in Paris, it may naturally be supposed that they are prodigious in size.

The great mass of the fine buildings and monuments of St. Petersburg, thus lie grouped together in the most advantageous manner, to give the stranger the idea of a city of palaces; the transparent waters of the rapid Neva, a thousand feet wide, flowing between their stupendous edifices, or almost within sight of them.

Three canals, almost as wide as the Seine between its islands, form through the mainland part of the city, so many arcs within each other. They all look rivers, and the main streets diverging from the Isaac's Plain are each continued by means of bridges across all of them.

The rest of the city is very different from the gorgeous specimen which is partially exhibited on the spot to which we have alluded; and although the streets are, for the most part, wide, wherever the wooden houses still remain, with few exceptions, they present an aspect of unredeemed dirt and misery. These are, it is true, gradually diminishing, because when destroyed by fire, they must be reconstructed of brick, and also because the price of house-rent renders building an advantageous investment for capital. When, however, replaced by brick houses—although these are mostly considerable—often of immense size—when not in the main streets they are inconceivably filthy. The streets themselves are unpaved, a wooden footboard being raised in the middle, to enable passengers to get through the mud or snow which obstructs them. The doorways and staircases are filthily dirty, all that the scavenger should remove being placed at the chamber-doors or in the yard, and a blast of hot air or steam, impregnated with the odour of oil, fermented cabbage, or other Russian fragrances, puffing at every step into the face of the passer-by. These vast houses are inhabited by innumerable tenants, who, instead of occupying a small house or cottage, locate a room or two of the one or many hundred apartments which each house contains.

House-rent is dearer in St. Petersburg than in any city in Europe, and this kind of property brings in a much more certain return than landed estates. Some houses bring in an annual return of five, ten, or fifteen thousand pounds sterling, which the owner is sure to receive in cash, which is by no means the case with landed property. It is common, on this account, to hear a man spoken of as being the possessor of one or more "stone" (i. e. brick) houses, just as his estates or his funded thousands would be spoken of in England; whereas Russian landed property is considered much in the light that West Indian and Irish estates would be with us. And again, even the land itself is never considered as property of any intrinsic value; the number of serfs and peasants on it, which the owner possesses, are judged as the only criterion of wealth.

According to the government in which the property is situated, these slaves produce from ten shillings to two or three pounds annually, per head; but revolt, sickness, or famine, often render this return uncertain.

It is obvious that where no agricultural labourers are to be hired at remunerating wages (every man employing them to cultivate his own ground,) the soil, without the agriculturist, must be valueless. There are proprietors possessing an extent of territory equal to the whole of England, who do not draw as much from it as others from a thousand acres which are naturally no more fertile.

Again, from the universal dishonesty and venality inborn in all classes of Russians, there are no means for an extensive proprietor to guard his property from the wholesale depredations of those who administer it. But with the location of a house in St. Petersburg or Moscow, fraud is much more easily prevented; and on the other hand, until lately, the government granted most encouraging mortgages, to enable speculators to build to an immense extent.

Thus a brick, or as it is called, a stone house, is considered as the safest and most tangible investment and security; and many a wealthy Russian travelling abroad, is the proprietor—not of funded property or estates—but of a single lodging-house in St. Petersburg.

The ignoble portion of the town we have described comprises about four-fifths of it, but is redeemed here and there by some stupendous government edifice, which is kept scrupulously clean, and in size seems to have been proportioned to the extent of the overgrown Russian empire. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, every clean-looking and extensive building, which is not a mere lodging-house, is sure to be the property of government.

Interspersed with these are the numerous Muscovite churches, with their mosque-like domes, their minarets adorned with gilding and paint, and scrupulously whitewashed. These churches, in the true old Muscovite style, have about them an air peculiarly national and pleasing; and however indifferent in taste, by their picturesquely oriental appearance they inspire a respect which we do not feel for the pretending edifices, which parody the architecture of southern and western civilization.

The Neva, which, with its clear arrowy waters, washes the palaces of the imperial city, is a beautiful river. It divides, just where St. Petersburg is situated, into many arms, which embrace the islands, which a portion of it covers. By night the scene is most striking, when its waters reflect the thousands of lights from the shore, and when, by the blaze which streams from all the windows of the winter palace—and the winter palace is all windows,—frigates, corvettes, and yachts are seen at anchor before the imperial residence.

But this magnificent river, which connects these palaced shores, is only traversed by three miserable bridges of wooden boats, and when the ice banks up, or the frost sets in, the communication between one-half of the city and the other is often intercepted for several days together.

Considerable difficulties present themselves to oppose the constructions of a bridge of stone over the Neva. When the spring thaw takes place, the rapid current brings down complete icebergs, which, if the arches were too near each other, finding no passage, would rise one above the other till a mass accumulated, which might endanger the security of the whole fabric. If, on the other hand, the arches are made far apart, the height to which they must necessarily be raised, would elevate the bridge to an unsightly height above the adjacent banks.

A couple of winters since, the mighty potentate of Russia was delayed from crossing by the rebellious waters, and it was decreed that a bridge should be built, and a tax was and has been since levied for that purpose. But the foregoing were the difficulties which presented themselves, in addition to the estimated million sterling of cost.

It is true that the modern art of the blacksmith would have obviated the difficulty by a chain-bridge at one quarter of the cost. There exists in Switzerland a suspension-bridge for foot-passengers, within fifty feet as wide as the Neva. But on this plan the emperor put his veto, declaring that a chain-bridge might be destroyed by one night's labour with the file—a reason which was applauded as displaying extraordinary acuteness and sagacity, by the committee appointed to decide on the plans submitted;—although it is evident that, in a chain-bridge, only the links cut through would have to be replaced, whereas the arch of a stone bridge may be blown up by a boat-load of gun-powder by the evil-disposed, if the determined malice of such is to be anticipated.

In speaking of the want of sculptural taste and talent which the monuments of St. Petersburg exhibit, we must except the famous statue of Peter, and still more pointedly the bronze horses on one of the bridges in the Nevsky prospect, recently cast by Baron —, the most promising of Russian artists. Each piece represents a naked figure struggling with a fiery steed, and duplicates on plaster, bronze-coloured, are placed opposite to them.

Equestrian sculpture has progressed, if the art of delineating the human figure, both with the chisel and the pencil, has retrograded. Only a few of the best pieces of Thorwaldsen and Canova equal some of the great antiques, and we do not know that the best pieces of the latter have come down to us. We have no living painters who would rank amongst the celebrities of that comparatively modern art; we compare them together—but whom of them do we venture to compare to Guido, Raphael, Rubens, or Murillo?

But with regard to the delineation of the horse, an immense stride has been taken; the exquisite sense of beauty of form and expression, which the ancients entertained with regard to the human figure, were evidently entirely wanting in their appreciation of the noble animal who bears unconsciously so large a share in the triumphs and glories of mankind.

The finest steed upon the Trajan column would not be worth ten pounds if called into life, and the horse-chanter at a London dealer's has an eye for the proportions of the animals, which those who fashioned the immortal productions of Grecian art entirely wanted. The painters of modern centuries, who were no equestrians, took it for granted that the great masters of antiquity, so perfect in the knowledge of the beauties of the human form, must be equally acquainted with those of the horse, and either blindly followed them, or transferred to their canvases the heavy animals in use in the times and centuries wherein they flourished.

Horace Vernet had therefore an ample field before him, and the disciples of the brush and chisel who have since pictured or modelled the horse, stood in a position far more favourable than where they have attempted the human figure, because nothing great existed wherewith to contrast their efforts. Half a century ago, nothing in the shape of the noble quadruped existed in any works of art, which could be compared to Wyatt's horse which bears the statue of George III.

The horse (whether a portrait or not we are not aware) is a light, thoroughbred hack, in perhaps the least animated position in which such animal would be ever seen, when not absolutely in repose. The horses of Baron — are full of fire and spirit, and the consequent poetry of motion. Both have the merit of being comparatively perfect in anatomy and detail; but the baron's horses are faulty in shape; and in the formation of the horse, as in the formation of the human being, the harmony of strength is beauty.

Those practical judges of strength, the sporting men of England, may choose a man disproportionately muscular in certain limbs, as peculiarly applicable for a certain purpose; but if they had to select the form best fitted for every imaginable kind of fatigue and exertion in the same individual, they would unhesitatingly select the Apollo Belvidere, or the still more beautiful Antinous of the ancients. Still it is evident that if Baron — had known what the form of the steed should be, he would have succeeded in portraying it as well as he has the spirit, which he has so happily seized, and the anatomical detail with which he is so well acquainted.

Whilst on the subject of works of art, we must observe that the taste of the Muscovite in this respect, is as antithetical to that of the Italian, as his cold climate is to the warm sky of Italy.—[Remainder next week.]

CHRONICLES OF PARIS.

Agnes du Rochier was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants of Paris, and was admired by all the neighbourhood for her beauty and virtue. In 1403 her father died, leaving her the sole possessor of his wealth, and rumour immediately disposed of her hand to all the young gallants of the quarter; but whether it was that grief for the loss of her parent had turned her head, or that the gloomy fanaticism of that time had worked with too fatal effect on her pure and inexperienced imagination, she took not only marriage and the male sex into utter abomination, but resolved to quit the world for ever, and to make herself a perpetual prisoner for religion's sake. She determined, in short, to become what was then called a recluse, and as such to pass the remainder of her days in a narrow cell built within the wall of a church. On the 5th of October, accordingly, when the cell, only a few feet square, was finished in the wall of the church of St. Opportune, Agnes entered her final abode, and the ceremony of her reclusion began. The walls and pillars of the sacred edifice had been hung with tapestry and costly cloths, tapers burned on every altar, the clergy of the capital and the several religious communities thronged the church. The Bishop of Paris, attended by his chaplains and the canons of Notre Dame, entered the choir, and celebrated a pontifical mass: he then approached the opening of the cell, sprinkled it with holy water, and after the poor young thing had bidden adieu to her friends and relations, ordered the masons to fill up the aperture. This was done as strongly as stone and mortar could make it; nor was any opening left, save only a small loophole through which Agnes might hear the offices of the church, and receive the aliments given her by the charitable. She was eighteen years old when she entered this living tomb, and she continued within it eighty years, till death terminated her sufferings! Alas, for mistaken piety! Her wealth, which she gave to the

church, and her own personal exertions during so long a life, might have made her a blessing to all that quarter of the city, instead of remaining an useless object of compassion to the few, and of idle wonder to the many.

Another entombment, almost as bad, occurred in the Rue St. Denis, only five or six years ago. The cess-pools of modern Parisian houses are generally deep chambers, and sometimes wells, cut in the limestone rock on which the city stands: and in the absence of a good method of drainage, are cleared out only once in every two or three years, according to their size. Meanwhile, they continue to receive all the filth of the building. One night, a large cess-pool had been emptied, and the aperture, which was in the common passage of the house on the ground floor, had been left open till the inspector appointed by the police should come round and see that the work had been properly executed. He came early in the morning, enquired carelessly of the porter if all was right, and ordered the stone covering to be fastened down. This was done amid the usual noise and talking of the workmen; and they went their way. That same afternoon, one of the lodgers in the house, a young man, was missed; days after days elapsed, and nothing was heard of him; his friends conjectured that he had drowned himself, but the tables of the Morgue never bore his body; and their despair was only equalled by their astonishment at the absence of every clue to his fate. On a particular evening, however, about three weeks after his disappearance, the porter was sitting at the door of his lodge, and the house as well as the street was unusually quiet, when he heard a faint groan somewhere beneath his feet. After a short interval he heard another; and being superstitious, got up, put his chair within the lodge, shut the door, and set about his work. At night he mentioned the circumstance to his wife, and going out with her into the passage, they had not stood there long before again a groan was heard. The good-woman crossed herself and fell on her knees; but her husband, suspecting now that all was not right, and thinking that an attempt at infanticide had been made, by throwing a child's body down one of the passages leading to the cesspool, (no uncommon occurrence in Paris,) resolved to call in the police. He did so without loss of time, the heavy stone covering was removed, and one of the attendants stooping down and lowering a lantern, as long as the stench would permit him, saw at the bottom, and at a considerable depth, something like a human form leaning against the side of the receptacle. Ropes and ladders were now immediately procured; two men went down, and in a few minutes brought up a body—it was that of the unfortunate young man who had been so long missing! Life was not quite extinct, for some motion of the limbs was perceptible, there was even one last low groan, but then all animation ceased for ever. The appearance of the body was most dreadful; the face was a livid green colour, the trunk looked like that of a man drowned, and kept long beneath the water, all brown and green—one of the feet had completely disappeared—the other was nearly half decomposed and gone; the hands were dreadfully lacerated, and told of a desperate struggle to escape; worms were crawling about; all was putrid and loathsome. How did this unfortunate young man come into so dreadful a position? was the question that immediately occurred; and the only answer that could be given was, that on the night of the cess-pool being emptied, the porter remembered this young man coming home very late, or rather early in the morning. He himself had forgotten to warn him of the aperture being uncovered, indeed he supposed that it would have been sufficiently seen by the lights left burning at its edge;—these had probably been blown out by the wind, and the young man had thus fallen in. That life should have been supported so long under such circumstances, seems almost incredible; but it is no less curious than true; for the porter was tried before the Correctional Tribunal for inadvertent homicide, the facts were adduced in evidence, and carelessness having been proved, he was sentenced to imprisonment for several weeks, and a heavy fine.

SCOTCH WITCHES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Extracts from the *Presbytery-Book of Strathbogie*.—A.D. M.DC.LIV. Aberdeen, printed for the Spalding Club.

To the sterling works which have been issued by the Spalding Club, the present interesting volume has just been added; and though we are still in debt to some of its precursors, we cannot help taking it fresh from Aberdeen, like a Finon haddock, gladly into our hands for an immediate banquet. Strathbogie, now so famous in presbyterian history and in courts of law, has kindly furnished us with older matter, both religious and legal, and strange, upon which we can dwell, at the distance of 200 years, with greater satisfaction. Yet it is a remarkable picture of the inquisitorial powers of the covenanting church; and what is more to our purpose, full of traits of the times which are singularly illustrative of their manners, superstitious feelings, and social condition.

But among all the features of the time, there is not one more remarkable than that which relates to witchcraft. Not merely does the belief of the judicial, clerical, and best-educated classes astonish us, but the confessions of the parties themselves, who were to die for these idle visions. Monomania would explain it all in our day; but monomania was then unknown, and the poor creatures were brought to the halter and stake for practising superstitious quackeries, and dreaming they had conversed with devils or fairies. "The general assembly, held in Edinburgh in 1649" (having no voluntary, intrusion, or non-intrusion dispute to perplex its members), "in consideration of the growth of the sins of witchcraft, charming, and consulting," appointed a commission "for a conference of ministers, lawyers, and phisitions, concerning the punishment of witchcraft, charming, and consulting;" and it is quite evident that both clergy and laity were persuaded of the existence of this supernatural power; while the numerous trials and executions which occurred in all parts of the country bear lamentable testimony to the generality of the belief.

In illustration of this subject the editor has brought together some singular contemporary evidence from the parish-registers of Perth, Echt, and Belhelvie; which also throw curious light upon the habits of the people. The following are striking examples:—

"Perth, Isabell Haldane.—May 16, 1623. Isabell Haldane compeared before the session of Perth, and after prayers had been made to God to open her heart and loose her tongue to confess the truth, she was asked if she had any skill of cureing men, women, or bairns that were diseased. She answered she had none. Being required to declare if she cured Andrew Duncans bairn? She answered, that according to the direction of Janet Trall, she went with Alexander Lokhart down to the Turret Port, and took water from the burn there, being dumb. That she brought it to Andrew Duncans house, and there on her knees washed the bairn in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Afterwards, being accompanied with Alexander Lokhart, she took the water and the bairns sark, and cast both into the burn. Being asked if she had any conversation with the fairy folk? She answered, that ten years since, when she was lying in her bed, she was taken forth, whether it was by God or the devil she knows not; but she was carried to a hill side, and the hill opened, and she entered. She stayed there three days, viz. from Thursday till Sunday at twelve hours,

when a man with a grey beard came to her there, and brought her forth again. The same day, John Rioch deponed, that about that same time, being in James Christie the wrights booth, where he was causing him to make a cradle to him, because his wife was near the down lying, the said Isabell passed by and spake to him these words, 'Be not so hasty, for you need not; your wife shall not be lightered till this time five weeks, and then the bairn shall never lie in the cradle. It shall be born, and baptized, and never suck, but shall die and be taken away;' and as the said Isabell spake, so it came to pass in every point. The said Isabell being required to declare how she knew that? She answered, that the man with the grey beard told her. The said John Rioch deponed, that Margaret Buchanan, spouse to David Randie, being well in health, and at her ordinary work, the said Isabell came to her and said, 'Make you ready for death, for before Fastens Even you shall be taken away.' It was then within a few days of Fastens Even; and as the said Isabell spake, so it happened, for before that term the woman died. The said Isabell being asked how she knew the term of the woman's life? She answered, that she had spied at that same man with the grey beard, who had told her. Patrick Ruthven, skinner in Perth, compeared and declared, that he having been witched by Margaret Hornsleuch, Isabell Haldane came to see him. She went into the bed where he lay, and stretched herself above him, laying her head to his head, her hands over him, and so forth, mumbling some words, but he knew not what they were.—May 19, 1623. Compeared Stephen Ray in Murrton, and deponed, that three years since Isabell Haldane having stolen some bear forth the hall of Balhousie, he followed her and brought her back again. She clapped him on the shoulder, saying, 'Go thy way, thou shalt not win thyself a bannock for year and day;' and as she threatened, so it came to pass, for he dyed and was heavily diseased. The said Isabell confesses the away taking of the bear, and the disease of the man, but affirms that she only said, 'He that delivered me from the fairy folk shall take amends of thee.' The said day, she confessed that she made three several cakes, every one of them being made of nine curns of meal, which had been gotten from nine women that were married maidens. She made a hole in the crown of every one of them, and put a bairn through every cake three times, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. There were women present who put the said bairns thrice backward through every cake, using the same words. The said Isabell confessed, that she went silent to the well of Ruthven, and returned silent, bringing water from thence to wash John Gowis bairn. When she took the water from the well, she left a part of the bairns sark at it, which she took with her to that effect. When she came home again she washed the bairn with the water. She confessed that she had done in like manner to John Gowerys bairn.—May 27. The said Isabell confessed that she had given drinks to cure bairns. Among the rest, that David Morrisces wife came to her and asked thrice help to her bairn, for God's sake, because it was a shargie. She sent forth her son for fairy leaves, whereof she directed the bairns mother to make a drink. But the bairns mother deponed, that the said Isabell Haldane came to her house unrequied, and saw the bairn, and said it was a shargie taken away. She thereupon took in hand to cure it, and to that effect gave the bairn a drink, but shortly after the receipt of the drink, the bairn died.

"Janet Trall.—The accusations and depositions given in against Janet Trall, and confessed by her as follows: May 22, 1623. Janet Trall being convened before the session of Perth, was asked if she had any skill to cure diseases? She answered, she had none. Being asked if she had used any cure to Andrew Duncans bairn? She confessed that Janet Burry, the bairns mother, brought the bairn to her, and told her that the bairn started in the night: she told the mother that the bairn had gotten a dint of evil wind; and she directed her to cause two persons to go down to south running water, and to bring as much of it as would wash the bairn, and that they should be dumb when bringing the water, and that after the bairn was washed, they should carry back again the water with the bairns sark, and cast them into the place where the water had been taken up. She farther directed her to bathe the bairn with black wool and butter. Being asked if she did anything more to that bairn? She denied that she did; and said that she was contented to be holden as a witch if anything farther was proven. But immediately thereafter compeared the said Janet Burry, and affirmed that the said Janet Trall sent into her a shot star, which was to be used with black wool for the bathing of the bairn. The said Janet Trall being asked if that was true? She confessed that she got a shot star at the burn side, and sent it in with the black wool, and that after the cure was used, the child was healed. Being asked if she had used any cure to Gilbert Fiddes, indweller in Perth? She confessed that she was sent for to come to him, but she denied that she had done anything to him, except that she had directed that white bread and wine and good cheer should be given to him. Yet immediately thereafter, the said Gilbert Fiddes compeared, and affirmed that one day when he was going to Scone, he went over some witchcraft which had been appointed for some other men. That incontinent, he contracted a disease wherewith long after he was pined, and then he sent for Janet Trall, who came to his house, and declared that he had gotten a dint of ill wind, and promised to cure him. At the time of her curing him by words, for no means was seen, the house shook, and his face turned in his neck. Janet Trall being asked if this was true? She confessed that sundry times before she had washed him with south running water, and put him through a hesp of green yarn. She granted that the house shook, and that his face turned in his neck. Afterwards it was demanded of her to declare if Satan, her master, was there? She answered, that he might have been there, but she saw him not. Being asked if she cured Duncan Tawis bairn, she confessed that Duncan Tawis and Isabell Haldane came to her at her house in Blackruthven, and Duncan told her that he thought his bairn was taken away, it being stiff as an aik tree, and unable to move. Having heard this, she promised to come in and see the bairn. And when she came she took the bairn upon her knee before the fire, drew every finger of its hands, and every toe of its feet, mumbling all the while some words that could not be heard, and immediately the bairn was cured. Being asked where she had learned to cure such diseases? She answered, that she knew nothing but what she had learned from unquhill Janet Murray and Simmie Brown, her son, who had used her so in the like diseases. Being asked if she had ever had any conversation with the fairy folk? She answered, that she was sore troubled by them: but had no other dealing with them.

"May 26.—The said Janet Trall was convened before the session of Perth. After prayer had been made to God, that he might direct her to declare the truth in those things that should be asked, she sat trembling in hands, head, and body. Being asked what moved her, she said she durst not confess for fear of spirits that vexed and troubled her. She was comforted by the ministers against that fear if she would confess. And then she was asked, wheresshe had learned her skill? She deponed as follows, viz. 'When I was lying in child bed lair, I was drawn forth from my bed to a dub near my house door in Dunning, and was there puddled and troubled.' Being asked by whom this was done? She answered, 'by the fairy folks, who appeared some of them red, some of them grey, and riding upon horses. The principal of them that spake to me was like

a bonny white man, riding upon a grey horse.' She said, 'He desired me to speak of God, and do good to poor folks; and he shewed me the means how I might do this, which was by washing, bathing, speaking words, putting sick persons through hesps of yarn, and the like.' Being asked when he came again to her? She answered, 'When I was on a rig shearing with my neighbours, the same folks came back to me; and the principal of them appeared clad in green. They drave me down, and then I was beside myself, and would have eaten the very earth beside me.' Being asked the cause why she was so much troubled by them? She answered, that the principal of them had bidden her do ill, by casting sickness upon people, and she refused to do it. Being asked if she cured Robert Soutar, in Murrton? She answered, that she did put him through a hesp of yarn, and afterwards cut it in nine parts, and buried it in three lords lands; and that, in the meantime, while the cure was performing, the house shook. Being asked if these folks troubled her afterwards? She answered, that twelve years since, when she was going out of this town, they dang her down, and she was then beside herself, ready to eat the ground, and continued so till she came to Isabell Haldanes house, and got a drink from her.—June 3. George Robertson, post, who was sent with the depositions of the witches for purchasing a commission to put the witches to an inquest, received from the session four pounds one shilling and two pennies. Also, the clerk is ordained to direct a missive to Andrew Conqueror, commissioner to parliament from the town, and another missive to Charles Rollock, baillie, who are both presently in Edinburgh, and to write a letter to Mr. John Guthrie, minister there, that they all three may concur together for obtaining the said commission.—June 30. Mr. Archibald Steidman received twenty shillings, to enable him to sustain the witches. (N.B. by Mr. Scott of Perth.) A commission having been obtained, directed to the civil magistrates, to try Margaret Hornsleuch, Isabell Haldane, and Janet Trall, accused of witchcraft, these women were put to an assize, and the unhappy creatures being condemned, seem to have suffered the ordinary punishment, viz. by being strangled at the stake, and afterwards burnt, on Friday, July 18, 1623. After they were executed, the kirk session proceeded to censure the persons who had sought cures from them."

There are also other curious examples of customs, &c.; but these must follow in sequel.

THE BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN.

Translated from the German of W. Alexis. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

This is a very striking romance and graphic picture of Germany in the fifteenth century. To an English reader, and we presume to readers of all nations, not even excluding the Germans themselves, it will present an air of originality which is always attractive. There is a kind of Gothic solidity and plainness about it, which are quite peculiar, and, as far as we remember, new to this species of composition. The sovereign power of the margrave of Brandenburg, and the rising liberties of the free cities and citizens of Berlin, Koeln, and other places, supply the *dramatis personæ* and the materials, incidents, or events; and the manners and customs of the times are well described, and the language of the age as cleverly imitated in the dialogues which prevail throughout the work. In short, it is ably historical, amusingly personal, and altogether a very entertaining performance.

Having said so much, and by saying so, we hope, recommended it to general perusal, we shall only endeavour to select an insulated scene or two, as evidence of the style and powers of the writer.

An old woman, suspected as a witch, and a young light-of-love, her companion in misfortune, have, under sentence of the law, been cruelly scourged by the beadle of Berlin, and made their escape in the darkness of the ensuing night. "The latter (we are told) was now restored to consciousness, and, tearing her hair, she flung herself down, and clung whimpering to the ground, as if the ground would give her warmth. Then again, she raised cries for mercy, and held her naked arms to heaven, ejaculating to every saint whose name she could remember. 'They'll not help you,' said Red Hamah; 'they help only the rich and great, those who sit warm. How can one like us build altars in the great churches, and pay priests to pray for us?' 'The saints are for every one. No, no; they all have their friends. Those whom they don't know, and who make them no offerings, they pay no heed to; just as the apparitor flings the poor folks out of the church, if they sit in the seats of the rich. They may pray elsewhere.' 'I will pray,' said the girl, attempting in vain to clasp her fevered and trembling hands. 'Don't you see you can't? and it would do you no good. One may pray in a church when all the candles are lit; here there is nought to hear you, save the wind: the wind has no pity.' The unfortunate cried aloud, and threw herself with her face on the ground. 'Oh, he struck pitilessly!' He struck no way else than as the gentleman bade him. If the good senator Trebuss hadn't had to go to dinner, he would have given you more.' 'I can never get up again.' 'After such a handful of blows! oh, you dear thing! The rod does but tickle a little; you should taste the red-hot iron when it goes hissing between your teeth, that's the time to hear the angels in heaven piping. And that's not the worst; the hot pincers pinch harder still: and to be frizzled in the vat! Beat your arms on your shoulders, it will do better than praying,' cried the old woman, as she saw the girl writhing in the frost-fever. But her strength failed, and her arms hung by her sides. 'I'll try and warm you,' said the old woman, and, pushing her down, she extended herself upon her. 'You will not be smothered,' she continued quietly, as the girl groaned under her; 'it would take more weight than my old bones to squeeze out your fresh young life.'

"I know this place well, and can tell you something of old times. Do you hear nothing down below, under? When it is quite still, on a summer's night, when the grass is asleep, and the stars have closed their eyes, then you may hear a knocking and sighing: that is my mother. I was only a little child when they killed my mother. The people said she had red eyes, and did the cattle harm. At every door, when she knocked, they set the dogs at her. She was forced to sleep in the heath, or in the hedges, like a cat. They got sight of my mother once, as the bells of St. Nicholas were ringing, and the tapers burning on the altar, and the priests kneeling before it in velvet and gold. She had a mind to go in like the others, and to taste of the body of the Lord with the others. The burghers and the people murmured. 'What does that beggar-woman want?' and they ramped and cried, 'She is a Vandal witch.' So the priest was angry, and bade her go forth; for the Burgomaster and the Senators, with their wives and children, were there to take the sacrament, all brushed and combed, in fur and velvet and fine lace; and it was not right of my mother to go into the church, for she had only rags on her body, and her skin was yellow, and she was unwashed. But she crept in again into a dark corner, close behind a pillar, and no one saw her. It came into my mother's head, 'I am a Christian too, and baptized as they are'; and when the people were all gone, and the priests too, and the doors shut, she crept forward and stole a wafer out of the casket—only for herself, by all the saints, only for herself alone. She

did not want to sell it to the godless Jews, that they might cut it and burn it. It was not right of my mother. The wafers burn in a person's body when not given by a priest's hand. It was found out, and she was taken and thrown into a dungeon; and then they made her confess that the wafer burnt in her body, for they would have it so. The Judges and Senators sat on the Long Bridge in judgment, and broke the white staff over her. It cost them much dispute: they could not agree whether she should be burnt. To be sure she should have been burnt, but then the host would be burnt in her body; so they brought her here before the Spandow door. Then they dug a hole before her eyes, and when it was as deep as a man's height or more, they pushed my mother into it; and the beadle held me by the hand, that I might see it, and take warning, as they said. My mother shrieked, and I cried, for I was a child, and did not know what it was to steal wafers; and then they threw the earth in upon her, and she shrieked and wrung her hands, and begged. It would have moved the heart of a stone. I also cried out, and said it would hurt my mother—they should not throw any more earth upon her: but they said, I had only to wait, she would soon cease crying; and then she begged so piteously, only for one thing, that they would give her her child that she might kiss it once more. They let it be so; I feel the kiss yet. She could not press me to her; her arms were fast already. And then, and then, they stamped with their feet upon the loose earth, that my mother might not get out again and steal wafers. Do you think the earth did not press on my mother? They all said it had happened right to her. The Senators said she had experienced mercy, for according to the old statutes a woman might be buried alive for only stealing a coat out of a box, and she had stolen the body of the Lord itself out of God's house; and all cried, Amen!"

"Restored in some measure to warmth, either by the pressure of the old woman's body or the excitement of her narrative, the girl raised herself up, and kneeling, with her hands clenched above her head, she poured from her lips a stream of oaths and curses. The moon, which broke through the driving clouds, lit up her form. Her features, distorted with pain and rage, offered an agreeable sight to the old woman. 'Right, child, right; curse what thou canst! It will lighten thy heart and warm thee.' 'Oh, you wretch!' cried the horror-stricken girl, as her eyes fell upon the withered form of the old crone beside her. 'I am the child of honest parents! and have they thrown me together with you! Had you but touched me in the town yonder, I should have spurned you with my foot.' 'I know all that, pretty puppet! Has it forgot when it lived in the corner chamber, with the prospect to the Spee, and sat with its gallants, in a red bodice, cut and gimped, with a coloured feather in its scarlet cap, drinking sweet wine, and making merry with its lovers? Red Hannah passed by, and you said to Herr Christopher, 'See, that ugly witch!' You spat on me, and the fine gentlemen laughed: they were glad to see you in such spirits. I thought to myself, 'Let her alone; before five years are over she will be on the dunghill and then her gallants will spit on her.' See, at last we are equal."

The sequel is equally forcible; but we must contrast the painful view with the picture of a carouse of the senators and principal citizens of Berlin in those days. An insult is offered, or supposed to be offered, to Eva, the daughter of Herr Bartholomew, and a drunken scuffle ensues:—

"Two or three old ladies from Koeln made their way to old Bartholomew Schumm. Four senators and five people of quality had already been carried away. But there sat he, like an oak of a thousand years, which bid defiance to the storm that has carried away many a stout forest-tree. He was still able to guide his goblet to his mouth with considerable correctness, and his quiescent features, glowing purple, contradicted the proverb that 'wine is a babbler.' 'One dog growls because the other comes into the larder,' was for some time the only answer that the ladies could get from him, after screaming themselves hoarse in their attempt to gain his attention. 'Herr Bartholomew, if you don't care about the honour of the towns, have a care about the honour of your child.' 'Your daughter, Eva—' 'Will have half my money,' answered the senator, draining his brimmer to the last drop. 'She is insulted—she is abandoned!' 'She'll not be abandoned,' said the patrician with a laugh, as if well pleased. 'The Wyns have insulted her before every body. They are in league with the Rathenows. That's what you get by your Rathenows; they think of nought but your money. They don't mind your honour.' 'Oh, if Melchior were here, there would need nobody to take his sister's part!' screamed another. 'The Schumms need nobody.' 'They have treated her like a dishonest girl—neglected her before every body, to pay honour to your Mistress Rathenow. Your daughter, Herr Bartholomew, your daughter is sobbing and crying like a lost child!' 'Crying? She shall not cry! And now down went the cup upon the table; had it been glass, it would have been shivered to a thousand pieces. The metal, of costly Augsburg carving, bent in the grasp of his mighty fingers. His eyes rolled wildly under his bushy eyebrows, and he arose from his arm-chair, just as a buffalo would arise from his lair, where he had been quietly chewing the cud, when disturbed by the hunters. But once on his feet, it was not to be mistaken that he was no longer the great man he had appeared to be when sitting; the Koeln senator could hardly stand firm, how much less could he walk firmly. There is a saying, that a loaded waggon should make way for a drunken man; and in this case every one made room for Herr Bartholomew. The sight of his daughter Eva, who was still sobbing as if her heart would break, increased his passion to fury; and as he clenched his fist, and muttered something, the sense of which was intelligible enough, but of which not a word could be gathered, his attention was called to another party. Herr Dietrich had by this time stood up, and amidst all the tumultuous feelings, the usual effect of wine—a mixture of pain and exultation, contrition and wofulness—the thought uppermost in his mind seemed to be the division betwixt Koeln and Berlin. On seeing Herr Bartholomew, he opened his arms to draw the Koeln senator to his heart. This gentleman, however, was thinking of nothing less than such an embrace, and made efforts to put away the extended arms. But it often happens, when one uses every energy to avoid any thing, it will happen that one falls straight into it. Herr Dietrich had no eyes to see that the arms extended in his direction were terminated by clenched fists; he merely knew that they were extended towards him, and rushing betwixt them, he embraced the Koeln senator in such a manner that he could not do otherwise than clasp his arms round him. He did it to steady himself; but it was too late. Neither of them being firm of footing, their legs gave way, and Berlin and Koeln rolled one over the other on the ground. It must have been a comical sight, for Herr Thomas Wyne himself, the host, who had at first sought to interpose, and then to assist the pair to rise, was fain at last to hold his side with one hand, and his fat paunch with the other; for on one side sprawled Herr Bartholomew, attempting in vain to get up, and beating his fist on the ground, his eyes very near bursting from their sockets with rage; whilst Herr Dietrich, who was much thinner, was on his hands and knees at a little distance, watching the other's countenance with no expression at all in his own, unless it were one of affright and astonishment. It was surely excusable that even the stately

Elizabeth Rathenow did not retain her gravity at such a spectacle; she only did what the others did, and the more furious the gestures of the Koeln senator became, and the more determinately he beat his fist on the floor, the more heartily they all laughed."—"There is a saying, that what is in will come out; and it seemed as if she was determined to pour out all her spite against the conceited, the wicked Elizabeth. Frau Bergholz was laughing, and trying to stop her poisonous little mouth with a handkerchief, whilst others of the party urged Elizabeth away. They didn't get sight of each other again; but they shouted to one another just what they could think of to say. 'Have the Rathenows no friends here?' asked Elizabeth, much excited, as her chaperone for the day, Frau Heidecke, got her from the room, half by force. The good lady threw her fur-cloak over her, and ejaculated, shrugging her shoulders, 'When friends are wanted, a good many of them go to the peck.' Eva made her way over Herr Dietrich's legs, without minding his scarlet breeches—indeed, some say she wilfully trampled on them with her little feet; and who could blame her, when going to assist her father? At last, Herr Bartholomew was got up; and all he said, lifting his cherry-coloured face as high as he could, was, 'The Rathenows! let me catch the beggarly Rathenows!' and down he went again, in spite of the efforts of three men to keep him up; and when they got him outside, the people appointed had to bear him as they could; but it was pitiful to see how they went on with the reverend senators. Instead of carrying them, as if they were the fathers of the town, they treated them as if they were calves or swine going to the shambles. Herr Thomas Wyns sat propped up at the portal—for he was unable to stand—to say something polite to each of the guests, according to custom—'That he was sorry they were leaving so early, and had eaten and drank so little; he hoped that they were content with their entertainment, and would soon honour him again with their company.' Herr Bartholomew managed to lift his head as he was carried past, and to look at him with a grin: 'The devil take you, and every Berlin beggar-face!' Herr Thomas heard nothing; he had enough to do to collect himself to make the same compliment to the others as they passed. Herr Mathis Blankenfelde, had, however, a word to whisper to Herr Bergholz, as they together followed Herr Schumm, keeping his head from knocking against the banisters: 'It has been a glorious merry-making; the Schumms and Rathenows are separated!'"

The ladies walk home by the light in an oiled-paper lantern, and attended by a swordsmen and halberdier, and as they "turned the corner, they became aware of a moaning as of a person about to die. It proceeded from the venerable Herr Tydecke, who was lying on the threshold of his mansion, and though not able to get up stairs himself, was yet sober enough to refuse to let any one carry him. His friends and connexions were standing round him, lamenting for the poor old man; he, however, raised himself partly up, and said, 'They should not mourn for him, but for the town, for the good old times were gone by, and manners were daily more corrupted.' His friends whispered to each other that it was true enough, for where could they find a young man who could stand as much wine as Herr Tydecke. He had remained sitting the very last of all, like a prince amongst his vassals, and no one could perceive that his head was light. He had been able, too, to walk as far as here, with only two men to support him, never having fallen down till on the very threshold of his own door. 'It's a bad look-out,' groaned the old man, 'both for us and for—the towns. There's no union amongst us. One will have nothing—to do with the other. If the authorities are not agreed, who can hold together? When creepers grow upon an old wall, it may look—very well; but it is a nest for dust and decay, and the roots strike into the—fissures, and the stones get out of their places. They who would pull down the walls have a good chance then. And so it will be, you'll live to see it. They don't warm the wine with spice—now, it's too strong for them—the beer that they brew just now, God have mercy! In the year 1397—at the Hanse meeting at Hamburg—I was deputy for Berlin—and Jasper Hakenberg for Koeln. All the gentry met together to drink—they drank seven hours and a half to the honour of the towns, who could drink the most. At nine o'clock, the Lubeck and Brandenburg people were carried out; at ten, the Luneberg and Magdeburg; at eleven, they of Stralsund, Wismar, and Prenzlau—and they were good men, I tell you; there are none of that sort now. And who remained sitting at the table? Jasper of Koeln and Tydecke of Berlin. That was an honour—that made one's heart beat high a bit. The Hamburg people came with music next morning, and presented us with silver cups—and it was written in the chronicles to the honour of our towns and—to the vexation of the others—I won't say which. Where would you find two now—where would you one in Koeln or Berlin to send to a meeting of the Hanse league?' 'It is true,' was murmured round the circle."

Brief as these specimens are, we fancy they will speak much that we would otherwise say of the various merits of the *Burgomaster of Berlin*.

SONG.

I hate those wild spirits that either are crowing,
As if of the sun they had more than their share,
More boisterous far than a nor-wester blowing,
Or sunk in the uttermost depths of despair.
Give me the firm nature that, tranquil and fearless,
Some hope 'midst the tide of misfortune can find;
Nor too sanguine to-day, nor to-morrow too cheerless,
But reason the rudder that governs the mind.

Those weathercock-feelings that ever seem fated
To change their direction whatever winds draw;
One moment depress'd, in another elated—
Now led by a feather, now lost by a straw:
Give me the true heart upon which there's reliance,
Ere known what the hour's passing humour may plan;
One that laughs at slight cares, or can bid them defiance,
And bear his misfortunes, erect, like a man.

CHARLES SWAIN.

MACAULAY'S WORKS.

In the review of the career of Warren Hastings all the peculiar excellences of Mr. Macaulay's style are brought out, and very few of his faults are perceptible. From this article, really a noble one, we give two extracts below, and also characters of Sir James Mackintosh and Horace Walpole, each exhibiting the author's happiest style, so far as it can be exhibited in passages so brief.

HORACE WALPOLE.

The faults of Horace Walpole's head and heart are sufficiently glaring. His writings, it is true, rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasburg pies among the dishes described in the "Almanach des Gourmands." But, as the *pâté-de-foie-gras* owes its excellence to the diseases of the wretched animal which furnishes it, and would be good for nothing if it were

not preternaturally swollen, so none but an unhealthy and disorganised mind would have produced such literary luxuries as the works of Walpole. He was, unless we have formed a very erroneous judgment of his character, the most eccentric, the most artificial, the most fastidious, the most capricious of men. His mind was a bundle of inconsistent whims and affectations. His features were covered by mask within mask. When the outer disguise of obvious affectation was removed, you were still as far as ever from seeing the real man. He played innumerable parts, and overacted them all. When he talked misanthropy, he out-Timoned-Timon. When he talked philanthropy, he left Howard at an immeasurable distance. He scoffed at courts, and kept a chronicle of the most trifling scandal; at society, and was blown about by its slightest veering of opinion; at literary fame, and left fair copies of his private letters, with copious notes, to be published after his decease; at rank, and never for a moment forgot that he was an honourable; at the practice of entail, and tasked the ingenuity of conveyancers to tie up his villa in the strictest settlement. The conformation of his mind was such that whatever was little seemed to him great, and whatever was great seemed to him little. Serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business. To chat with blue-stockings, to write little copies of complimentary verses on little occasions, to superintend a private press, to preserve from natural decay the perishable topics of Ranelagh and White's, to record divorces and bets, Miss Chudleigh's absurdities, and George Selwyn's good sayings, to decorate a grotesque house with pie-crust battlements, to procure rare engravings and antique chimney-boards, to match odd gauds, to lay out a maze of walks within five acres of ground;—these were the grave employments of his long life. From these he turned to politics, as to an amusement. After the labours of the print-shop and the auction-room, he unbent his mind in the House of Commons. And, having indulged in the recreation of making laws and voting millions, he returned to more important pursuits, to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William struck into the flank of Sorrel.

BURKE'S KNOWLEDGE OF INDIA.

His knowledge of India was such as few even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country have attained, and such as was certainly never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility; others have, perhaps, been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information, which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or delight. His reason animated and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and coloured them. Out of darkness, and dulness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him as to most Englishmen—mere names and abstractions—but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasants hut, the rich tracery of the mosque, where the Imam prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, the banners, the gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants, with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady;—all those things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's-street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls, where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns, to the wild moor, where the gipsy camp was pitched; from the bazaars, humming like beehives with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle, where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London.

CHARACTER OF THE BENGALIEE.

What the Italian is to the Englishman, what the Hindoo is to the Italian, that is the Bengalee to other Hindoos. The physical organization of the Bengalee is feeble even to effeminacy. He lives in a constant vapour bath. His pursuits are sedentary, his limbs delicate, his movements languid. During many ages he has been trampled upon by men of bolder and more hardy breeds. Courage, independence, veracity, are qualities to which his constitution and his situation are equally unfavourable. His mind bears a singular analogy to his body. It is weak even to helplessness for purposes of manly resistance; but its suppleness and tact move the children of sterner climates to admiration, not unmingled with contempt. All those arts which are the natural defence of the weak are more familiar to this subtle race than to the Ionian of the time of Juvenal, or to the Jew of the dark ages. What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty, according to the old Greek song, is to woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstantial falsehood, chicanery, perjury, forgery, are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the lower Ganges. All those millions do not furnish one sepoy to the armies of the company. But as usurers, as money-changers, as sharp legal practitioners, no class of human beings can bear a comparison with them. With all his softness the Bengalee is by no means placable in his resentments or prone to pity. The pertinacity with which he adheres to his purposes yields only to the immediate pressure of fear. Nor does he lack a certain kind of courage which is often wanting in his masters. To inevitable evils he is sometimes found to oppose a passive fortitude such as the stoics attributed to their ideal sage. An European warrior who rushes on a battery of cannon with a loud hurrah, will sometimes shriek under the surgeon's knife, and fall into an agony of despair at the sentence of death. But the Bengalee who would see his country overrun, his home laid in ashes, his children murdered or dishonoured, without having the spirit to strike one blow, has yet been known to endure torture with the firmness of Mercius, and to mount the scaffold with the steady pulse and even step of Algernon Sydney.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

It is much to be regretted, we think, that Sir James Mackintosh did not wholly devote his later years to philosophy and literature. His talents were not those which enable a speaker to produce with rapidity a series of striking but transitory impressions, and to excite the minds of five hundred gentlemen at

midnight, without saying anything that any one of them will be able to remember in the morning. Whatever was valuable in the compositions of Sir James Mackintosh was the ripe fruit of study and of meditation. It was the same with his conversation. In his most familiar talk there was no wildness, no inconsistency, no amusing nonsense, no exaggeration for the sake of momentary effect. His mind was a vast magazine, admirably arranged. Everything was there, and everything was in its place. His judgment on men, on sects, on books, had been often and carefully tested and weighed, and had then been committed, each to its proper receptacle, in the most capacious and accurately constructed memory that any human being ever possessed. It would have been strange indeed if you had asked for anything that was not to be found in that vast storehouse. The article which you required was not only there, it was ready; it was in its own proper compartment; in a moment it was brought down, unpacked, and displayed. If those who enjoyed the privilege, for privilege indeed it was, of listening to Sir James Mackintosh, had been disposed to find some fault in his conversation, they might perhaps have observed that he yielded too little to the impulse of the moment. He seemed to be recollecting, not creating. He never appeared to be catching a sudden glimpse of a subject in a new light. You never saw his opinions in the making, still rude, still inconsistent, and requiring to be fashioned by thought and discussion. They came forth like the pillars of that temple in which no sound of axes or hammers was heard—finished, rounded, and exactly suited to their places. What Mr. Charles Lamb had said, with much humour and some truth, of the conversation of this eminent Scotchman. He did not bring, but find. You could not cry halves to anything that turned up while you were in his company.

THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

The Kremlin on its hill gives me the idea of a city of princes built in the midst of a city of people. This tyrannical castle, this proud heap of stones, looks down scornfully upon the abodes of common men; and, contrary to what is the case in structures of ordinary dimensions, the nearer we approach the indestructible mass the more our wonder increases. In this prodigious creation strength takes the place of beauty, caprice of elegance; it is like the dream of a tyrant, fearful but full of power; it has something about it that disowns the age; means of defence which are adapted to a system of war that exists no longer; an architecture that has no connection with the wants of modern civilization; a heritage of the fabulous ages; a gail, a palace, a sanctuary, a bulwark against the nation's foes, a bastille against the nation, a prop of tyrants, a prison of the people;—such is the Kremlin. A kind of northern Acropolis, a pantheon of barbarism, this national fabric may be called the Alcazar of the Slavonians. The fear of a man possessing absolute power is the most dreadful thing upon earth; and, with all the imagery of this fear visible in the Kremlin, it is still impossible to approach the fabric without a shudder. Towers of every form—round, square, and with pointed roofs; belfries, donjons, turrets, spires, sentry-boxes upon minarets, steeples of every height and style, palaces, domes, watch-towers, walls embattlemented and pierced with loopholes, ramparts, fortifications of every species, whimsical inventions, incomprehensible devices, chisels by the side of cathedrals—every thing announces violation and disorder—every thing betrays the continual watchfulness of the singular beings who were condemned to live in this supernatural world. Yet these innumerable monuments of pride, caprice, voluptuousness, glory, and pity, notwithstanding their apparent variety, express one single idea, which reigns here everywhere—war maintained by fear. The Kremlin is the work of a superhuman being, but that being is malevolent. Glory in slavery—such is the allegory figured by this satanic monument, as extraordinary in architecture as the visions of St. John are in poetry.

De Custine's Empire of the Czars.

VICISSITUDES IN THE LIVES OF ROYAL INFANTS.

The fate of Margaret of Anjou, so bright in its early dawn, and so cloudy in its close, was but too common to the race of Plantagenet in those days, and has found singular parallels in our own. How promising at his birth was the future fate of Edward Prince of Wales, the grandson of the conquering Henry V., and the heir of all his honours! How bloody was its early termination in the field of Tewkesbury! Edward V., next Prince of Wales, seemed born to as high a destiny, and met with as dark an end. The only son of Richard III. fell an early victim to disease, and the same fate attended Arthur Prince of Wales, the next heir apparent to the English crown. Thus four successive princes, born, as it seemed, to empire, and on whom seemed to hang the destinies of England, before they had reached maturity, were gone to the land where all things are forgotten. There are many now alive who heard the shout of joy which hailed the birth of an heir to Louis XVI., more who heard the whispers of his mysterious fate at the time when he disappeared from the scene of life. From the Belgian frontiers to the shores of the Mediterranean, on the 20th of March, 1811, the roar of ten thousand cannon told the world that the Emperor had a son and heir—the King of Rome, on whose cradle the fate of nations depended. When he died an exile in his mother's land the event was felt through France perhaps as something of importance, but the world was as little affected in its interests as if a peasant boy had died. The birth of Henri Duc de Bordeaux, or Henry V., as his Parisians love to style him, once more gave France a holiday. What are now his chances of Empire? For the Count de Paris, the hope of France to-day, who shall predict his fate? Globe.

VERSAILLES.

The grounds around the palace are very extensive, but deficient in natural beauty; and, if Windsor Castle be inferior to Versailles in extent and architectural grandeur, it is far superior in picturesque beauty, alike from its situation, its noble park, and the rich and varied views which it commands of the glorious country around. At Versailles, every thing is stiff and artificial; broad terraces, and broader lawns, immense fountains of water, and pond-looking lakes, statues, and flights of steps, are the leading features; but pleasant shady walks in the extensive woods are not a-wanting either. The gem of the place, however, is the *le jardin du roi*, a lovely garden, surrounded by woods, in which the irregular charms of nature are made predominant to the stately claims of art. True, a few statues, trees, flower beds, and green lawns, alone are to be seen; but these are sufficient, and have been used with such taste, as to form a perfect little paradise. I was informed that this garden was an exact imitation of one at Claremont, in which Louis XVIII. when residing in England, had taken great delight; and that the imitation had been managed by the Duchess d'Angoulême, as an agreeable surprise to the restored sovereign. In striking contrast to this scene of natural beauty, stands the orangery, to which an immense space is devoted, surrounded with conservatories where the trees are placed during winter. The orange plants are very large, and each grows out of a wooden box filled with mould, so that they can be placed in the open garden during summer, and removed to more sheltered quarters when the weather becomes severe. There is an immense number of these trees in this

garden, and smaller orangeries are to be seen in the Tuilleries, Luxembourg, and other gardens of Paris. The plants are all cut in a sort of square form, and present an exceedingly stiff appearance. They are not cultivated for the fruit, which is never allowed to come forward, but entirely for the blossoms, which are in great demand in Paris for the manufacture of orange-flower water, and other purposes; and it is understood that their cultivation is a profitable concern. A number of men mounted on high step-ladders were engaged in pulling decayed leaves from the orange-trees; and their cultivation is actually a branch of husbandry here, so great is the extent of plants grown and people employed. A little way from the orange garden I observed some labourers, who had been moving a lawn, stretching themselves down on the grass under the shade, and disposing of their dinner, which consisted of bread and wine, the quality of which I regretted omitting to ascertain. The bread here is never made in loaves, but always in rolls, some of which are a couple of feet long, while others are made in a circle with an opening in the centre which a man might put his head through. You may see the peasants walk along, carrying a roll over their shoulder, in musket fashion, and diminishing it gradually as they proceed.

Letter in the Dumfries Courier.

* * Mr. A. Billings is authorised by us to receive subscriptions and collect monies in Tennessee and the adjoining States.

Mr. John C. Badger, of Montpelier, Vt., is appointed agent for that place and neighbourhood.

* * Messrs. W. H. and W. M. Wheeler have been appointed our agents for the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

* * Mr. Jno. Balfour is our agent for the city of Toronto.

We have appointed Messrs. Brainard & Co. our sole Agents, at Boston, for the Anglo American.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1843.

The Annual Meetings of the Scientific Association in England were looked up to by many as tending directly both to the promotion and the dissemination of science; and for two or three years they were highly interesting. Celebrated foreigners were not wanting, to give their countenance and assistance in what was considered a gigantic march in useful theories, leading as was confidently hoped to most important practical results. It would appear, however, after all, that there is much hollowness in the magniloquent speeches and grave deliberations which have taken place at these Annual Meetings. Long discussions have taken place upon comparatively trifling subjects; second and third-rate men have thrust themselves forward into conspicuous positions, and have elbowed better and more modest professors into the shade; the substance of useful science and art has in a measure fled from those halls of conference, and little more than the semblance remains. From all that we have seen the meeting at Cork has been a failure, and we must candidly confess that we have not met with anything in the course of the proceedings which we could believe interesting enough to present to our readers. The truth is there has been too much pretension in the project, altogether, and the whole has been but a waking vision on the one hand and the gratification of personal vanity on the other. One fifth of the expense which has been incurred in "bringing scientific men together," and producing learned collision or comparison of opinion, would have sufficed to publish all that was useful in such discussions at an easy rate so as to bring those matters within the reach of moderate means. And this was all that could be necessary or beneficial. We suppose the bubble will now burst, and whilst we shall regret the disappointment to all who honestly though mistakenly imagined the project to be an useful one, we must still repeat that there are matters in science which such facilities cannot impel, and that there are more subjects than geometry to which "there is no royal road."

GENERAL COUTT BERTRAND.

There has been a considerable bustle in the city during the current week, on account of the arrival here of General Bertrand, so well known for his faithful adherence to the fortunes of Napoleon, after his fall from splendour and power, and for his partaking in his master's exile and captivity on the island of St. Helena for six years, being the whole remaining term of life of the Ex-emperor. It is this which has rendered Count Bertrand a distinguished character in the annals of the last thirty years, for his military achievements have not been of any extraordinary nature. Faithful attachment, however, in this cold, heartless world of ours, ought to be requited by attention and respect from all who have feelings to appreciate its value, and therefore it is that we rejoice in seeing the homage of esteem rendered to one who has exhibited that amiable quality so conspicuously.

One of the earliest visits made by General Bertrand was to the Military Academy at West Point. This was on Saturday last and he was received there with every mark of attention and honour by the professors, students, and authorities. On Monday he proceeded, under a military escort, and accompanied by the Governor of this State, the Mayor of New York, and the Common Council, to visit the Dock Yard, the vessels of War, the Fortifications round the city and harbour, and in the evening the party were present at the Concert of Madame Cinti Damoreau and M. Artôt. On Tuesday a grand dinner was given to him by the French residents in this city, to which also were invited the public functionaries already mentioned, and several officers of U. S. Military and Naval service, as well as officers of the Militia service of this city. M. Henri Babat was in the chair, and the banquet, which was served in the excellent style peculiar to the Astor Hotel, presented an array of good things of the most tempting description, and there is no doubt that ample justice was done to them by the assembled guests. The following were the standing toasts on the occasion:—

1. The Memory of the Emperor Napoleon; 2. General Bertrand; 3. The King of the French; 4. The President of the United States; 5. The French Army

and Navy; 6. The Memory of Washington; 7. The American Army; 8. The American Navy; 9. The State of New York; 10. The Civil and Military Authorities of the city of New York.

General Bertrand left the city on Wednesday for Bordentown, the late residence of the Count Surveilliers, (Joseph Bonaparte). Capt. Bertrand remained in New York after his father's departure, but was to join him at Bordentown.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB OF NEW YORK.

On Friday the 27th ult., the Annual dinner of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, took place at Messrs. Clark and Brown's, Franklin Coffee-house, Maiden Lane. By six o'clock a goodly assemblage of Cricketers, invited guests, and friends were gathered together, and by half-past six all were seated around a set of tables which were groaning with the good things and elegancies of a social dinner. Among the invited guests present were A. Barclay, Esq., her Britannic Majesty's Consul for New York; W. D. Cuthbertson, Esq., the friend and generous host of the St. George's Cricket Club, &c., and with regret it was communicated that Joseph Fowler, Esq., President of the St. George's Society, could not be present, as he had departed on a journey. The President of the St. George's Cricket Club was, as he always is, at his post, and was ably sustained by the Vice President John Taylor, Jun., Esq., at the opposite end of the room. And now tremendous was the din of spoons, knives, forks, plates, dishes, the explosion of champagne corks, the clinking of glasses; great was the havoc made upon provision stores which seemed at first to defy a regiment, but which after an attack of an hour upon them, cut but a sorry figure as compared with their pristine splendours.

But even hungry men cannot eat for ever, although they help their labours by the discussion of generous wine. The assaults against the adversary were gradually discontinued; some few sighs were uttered at the destruction which had ensued, and some few that the war could no longer be carried on; and "when the rage of hunger was appeased" all addressed their faculties to the remaining objects of the feast.

When the cloth was withdrawn "Non nobis Domine" was sung in effective style by Messrs. Watson, Massett, and Maynard, after which,

The President proposed the first standing Toast, "The Queen! God bless her!" [Immense cheering; three times three, and "three more."] The national Anthem was then sung by Messrs. Watson, Jessop, and Massett.—Verse and Chorus.

The Second Standing Toast was "The President of the United States," which was given with warm enthusiasm.

Song, Mr. Watson, "Hail Columbia."

The President briefly prefaced the Third Standing toast by observing that the Union Cricket Club of Philadelphia was making rapid advances towards the condition of a formidable antagonist of the St. George's, and that although the latter had thus far obtained some balance of advantage against permitted aid to the former, and with diminished strength in itself, yet he believed the time not far distant when the Union Club of Philadelphia will make a good stand against the best eleven of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York. With regard to success against The Toronto Cricket Club, he could not report so favourably, for although that Club had been beaten a few seasons ago in Toronto, they had carried away the laurels in the contest of this season; he could have wished, however, that the victory had been altogether undebatable. He expatiated in the most glowing terms on the noble and liberal conduct of the Torontonians when the St. George's men went to Canada; and expressed the most unqualified delight that there is every probability of friendly sentiments and feelings enduring between the two clubs. The President observed that according to all appearance, from the rapidly growing taste for the manly game of Cricket, the St. George's Club would find enough to do, at or near home, without going out of the United States to sustain its credit; that a new club had just been established in the city, and others were in course of formation in the vicinity, that a club has been established in Boston and in other cities around, and therefore, although the St. George's Cricket Club stand pledged to go to Toronto next Spring; which pledge they will assuredly redeem, he presumed that the Club will henceforth find itself quite sufficiently occupied nearer at hand. After adverting to the flattering prospects of the Club itself, and the augmentation of effective members, the President gave "Success to the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, and may victory ever be with them when they deserve it."

Song, Mr. Maynard, "I am a Friar of orders grey."

The Fourth Standing toast was "The Manly Game of Cricket; it gives health to the body and strength to the mind."

Song, Mr. Massett, "A Song for Cricket."

(This song was written expressly for the occasion by B. Carey Massett, Esq., and set to music by H. C. Watson, Esq.)

The Fifth Standing toast was "The Toronto Cricket Club, and the Union Cricket Club of Philadelphia; may we ever meet them in unity and friendship. [Loud and continued cheering].

The Sixth and last Standing toast was "The Ladies."

Glee, "Here's a health to all good lasses."

The President now rose and said that he had a toast to offer, to which he felt assured there would be a universally warm response. On his right hand sat a highly respected invited guest, who, whether considered as a private individual, as having been once the highest officer of the St. George's Society, or as being an important and highly responsible functionary of the British Government, was in any or all these capacities justly entitled to the sincere regards of all who knew him, and which regards he knew the honourable gentleman to enjoy. Before he gave the toast, however, he would communicate to the company that which he believed they would all hear with much pleasure; it was that he had

had the satisfaction to ascertain that the honourable guest whose health he was about to propose was an old Cricketer, and probably would become a member of the St. George's Cricket Club. [Immense cheering]. He should now propose "The health of Anthony Barclay, Esq., her Britannic Majesty's Consul." [Three times three, and "one more."]

Song, Mr. Massett, "The Old English Cricketer."

Mr. Barclay, in returning thanks, said that having learnt from the Stewards that long speeches were deprecated, he should be as brief as the high compliment which had been paid to him would permit. He then made a few classic and scholarlike references to the Greeks and Romans, as to their being made men by their exercises and sports; and observed that in modern times good soldiers are made such by athletic games and occupations. He remarked that athletic games had not hitherto been much practised in this country, but that the future citizens would owe no small obligation to England, if the sons of the latter country should succeed, as now seemed probable, in introducing sports which were of such physical importance. He considered the present to be the commencement of a new era, in which a new and influential power would grow up, through the manly sports of England being adopted in this country. Mr. Barclay concluded by giving the following: "The St. George's Cricket Club of New York; may they never want competitors worthy of their emulation, nor want address to vanquish them."

The President again appealed to the kind feelings of the company whilst he gave as a toast the name of another worthy and esteemed guest of the day, who was ever so ready and so hospitable towards the St. George's Cricket Club that he might be said to have identified himself with them, in action, feeling, and heart, and whose welcome and kind reception of the Club upon a recent occasion, when he offered them the festivities of his house and grounds, could not easily be forgotten. He then gave "Health and prosperity to W. D. Cuthbertson, Esq." [Cheers and Musical honours.]

Mr. Cuthbertson in his lively and off-hand manner returned suitable thanks.

John Taylor, Jun., Esq., V. P., being called upon for a sentiment, gave the following, after a neat and brief preface: "May the Members of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York always meet those of other Clubs with the most friendly feelings, and with the objects only of good fellowship and the promotion of the manly game of Cricket."

Song, Mr. Cuthbertson, "My pretty Jane."

Glee, Messrs. Watson, Massett, Maynard, and Loder "Gay boys in field or camp."

The V. P. then gave the health of the Treasurer of the Club. (Cheers.)

Glee. Four voices. "Come boys, let's merry be."

B. Downing, Esq., then rose, and after making a few pertinent remarks upon Cricket and the manner in which the good game had of late been upheld, gave the following sentiment; "Success to the St. George's Cricket Club; May its contests always be conducted in a friendly and honourable spirit, and its motto ever be '*Sans peur et sans reproche*.'"

The President desired to offer a sentiment in favour of a gentleman who, whether considered in his office of Secretary of the St. George's Cricket Club, in the still more important office which he had long so honourably held in the distribution of the charity of St. George's Society, or in any other relation of life, was held in sincere and warm esteem by all who knew him; he gave "Wm Jackson, Esq., the Secretary of this Club." (Cheers and prolonged musical honours.)

Song. Mr. Cuthbertson. "The Overseer."

Mr. Jackson replied in a neat and expressive speech, and concluded by giving "The Press."

Mr. Paterson after acknowledging the toast observed that the company were under inconceivable obligations to the British Consul, who, in his happy speech, had reminded him that long harangues were not the order of the evening. Had it not been for that he had intended to inflict a long preachment on the company about the origin and progress of the noble game this night celebrated, together with disquisitions on its physical, moral, intellectual, social, political, and all other advantages; all which would probably have been an admirable mixture of pedantry and common-place. However, being diabolically determined upon "saying his say," and knowing that all his hearers were likewise his readers, they might depend that he would have it out in another shape, when there should be no prudent check at hand to impede his career. He then gave "Every manly sport in which the ball supplies a constituent principle of the game."

Glee. Four voices.

The President said that for the meritorious services of the Stewards in setting forth such a feast and so liberally caring for the general comfort they ought to have been thanked sooner; but "better late than never," he therefore proposed "their healths, and, thanks for the manner in which they had performed their duties."

Mr. Cooke returned thanks in behalf of himself and colleagues.

Mr. Paterson observed that, if priority of time in making acknowledgments were to be proportionate to merits, there was one gentleman present who ought to have been long since remembered with flowing cups; one who, as a cricketer, in all departments, as a zealous member of the Club of which he was at present the most distinguished member, and as the head and chief at this "flow of soul," was entitled to every good wish that a generous heart had to bestow;—he would give "Robt. N. Tinson, Esq., President of the St. George's Cricket Club." (Continued cheers.)

Mr. Tinson replied with great feeling; he disclaimed the merits which had been lavished upon him, but took credit for every sincere wish to promote the welfare of the club, and the practice of the noble game of Cricket.

The healths of the Vice President (John Taylor, Junr. Esq.), the late President (Henry Jessop, Esq.), the Vocalists at the evening's entertainment, (Messrs.

Watson, Massett, Maynard, and Loder,) the distinguished playing members present of the Club (Messrs. Wild, Russell, and Wright,) and the excellent furnisners of the evening's repast (Messrs. Clark & Brown) were severally given, and received appropriate replies. In the course of which Mr. Jessop gave the following sentiment:

"Happy have we met, happy have we been;
Happy may we part, and happy meet again."

The following toasts were likewise given in the course of the evening:

By G. W. Taylor, Esq., "The St. George's Cricket Club. It were next to impossible for them not to be victorious whilst they have a *Russel* to tune, and a *Wright* to instruct them. Should good fortune still attend them, may they never run *Wild* with victory."

By a member. "Bats, Balls, Stumps, and Bails; with stout hearts to guard and able hands to wield, as our forefathers have set the example."

Though we cease now to proceed farther with the order of the feast, let us say that to the latest moment—and it was a late one—disorder did not find place for the sole of her foot. All was harmony, friendship, music, song, and laugh, until at length the company reluctantly separated.

WELSH SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening the 25th ult., the first annual meeting of this highly meritorious society was held at Cloton Hall corner of the Bowery and Division Street, for the purpose of receiving the general report and for ordinary business. The President Mr. Evan Griffith, Esq., made the introductory address which was greatly applauded; after which the Rev. John H. Evans addressed the audience in Welsh, for about 20 minutes, we do not profess to understand what he said but it was understood to be chiefly on the objects of the society, that the reverend gentleman pressed the subject upon the attention of his hearers; we presume that it was with eloquence and to the purpose, for it was greatly cheered both as he proceeded and when he concluded.

Mr. Miles then read the report which was to the following effect:

The necessity for an organisation for an active and efficient force among the Welsh residents of this city, to prevent the numerous frauds so extensively practised upon the poor emigrant upon his arrival on our shores has been long and obviously felt by those who are familiar with the difficulties which Emigrants have to encounter on account of their want of familiarity with the language and customs of the country—and it formed one of the principal considerations in the organisation of this society.

Accordingly on the 25th October last a meeting of Welshmen was held, to take measures to organise a Welsh National Society upon broad and liberal principles, affording protection to the Welsh Emigrants—as well as relief to the distressed. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution for a Welsh Society having in view among other matters the creation of a national fund to aid the exigencies of the society. This committee in due season made a report accompanied with a preamble and constitution, all of which were approved of and subsequently printed in the Welsh as well as the English language.

The plan for carrying into effect the objects named in the preamble is to create a national fund to be raised by donations and contributions; the interest only, annually derived from which, to be expended in carrying out the designs of the society.

All persons who are allied to the Welsh Nation by birth or marriage, or who may approve of the society's objects are eligible to membership—this covers the ground work of the society and its system of operations.

Among the earliest transactions of the society was the appointment of a committee upon employments, for the purpose of aiding the needy in obtaining work, although the exertions of this society on this head were not so successful as could have been desired, still, enough was accomplished to establish the fact that this mode of relieving those who are able and willing to work is much more acceptable and congenial to the feelings of the poor of our country, than the questionable practice of alms giving. This practice of the society in many cases not only serves as a preventive against crime and distress, but also as a protection against the frauds and impositions of those who eschew the idea of work.

The next measure of importance engaged upon was the Emigrant's question—wherein so many complaints have been made respecting the nefarious practice of robbing and cheating Emigrants upon their arrival in this port, by a class of low and depraved men known as runners, who act in most cases as the agents of conniving landlords and transportation lines—who in order to obtain the patronage of the emigrants are induced to make offers and promises which they either never intended or were quite unable to perform. In remedying this evil the society first appointed a committee of five to investigate minutely the evils complained of and also to report the names of such public houses in this city which it could recommend as safe places of resort by the Emigrants.

This committee in due time made a full and elaborate report upon the matter, describing the methodical system which was in full operation to plunder the Emigrants, and recommending to the society various salutary regulations.

In the month of June last, G. W. Griffith, Esq., on the part of, and with the approbation of the Society, opened a correspondence with the Welsh residents of Liverpool, soliciting their exertions in aid of this Society to protect their emigrating countrymen, and urging the formation of a Society there to co-operate with this in the emigrant cause. Mr. Griffith's communication to Liverpool was accompanied with a copy of the Society's documents, reports, &c., relating to this important matter.

In reply to this correspondence, letters have been received giving us assurance that a Society of the character mentioned, if not already established, will soon be in full and energetic operation among our brethren in Liverpool, where the wrongs of the emigrants can be much prevented by faithful advice and warnings against coming in contact with those who make it their business to plunder them.

It is gratifying to the Committee to be able to state that hundreds of their countrymen have arrived in this port and reached their new homes in the several sections of the country without loss of any portion of their property; and all through the vigilance and untiring activity of the Society's Emigrant Agent; the fact is attested in many a letter to the Society from them, written with a warmth which true gratitude will always elicit from the thankful heart. It is worthy of mention that, since the organization of this Society and its earliest exertions in the emigrant cause, an organization for the same purpose has been effected among the agents and owners of most of the different inland transportation lines of this city, and of which the president of the Society is the chief offi-

cer. This organization was formed under the sanction of his Honour the Mayor of this city, and with his frequently expressed approbation, with whom the members have deposited their respective bonds, in the penalty of \$5,000, not to violate the articles of the compact. Besides these, other men, high in office and in the confidence of their fellow-citizens, have thrown their individual and official influence to the furtherance of this object for protecting the emigrants. The committee have been eye-witnesses to the patience and kindness with which the present Mayor of this city listened to the numerous enquiries and the advice which, in return, he gave the emigrants who applied at his office.

The Report, after stating the nature and extent of the expenditure during the last year, and the present condition of the Society's funds, proceeds to say:—

"Besides all these, we have now before us the beautiful prospect of seeing springing up in all the Welsh settlements of this extended country, Benevolent Associations, auxiliary to this parent one in New York. Measures have already been taken to open a correspondence with the influential men of these settlements (of which there are some 40 or 50) to bring about this greatly desired effect. Visitors from these settlements, who have attended the meetings of the Society, learned its objects and heard of the good already accomplished through its instrumentality, have expressed their earnest desire that this effort should be undertaken, pledging their influence and exertions to its success.

"The advantages to be derived from these auxiliary Societies will, if carried into successful operation, be of untold value. By means of the constant communications between them and this, we shall be kept in continual information of those facts which it is of the utmost importance for the emigrant and the poor man to know; we shall be informed of the most desirable places for settlement, the prices of lands, and also of the demand for manual labour throughout the Union. By these means the emigrant can, without delay in the city, push onward to his future habitation without any unnecessary exhaustion of his capital, and the industrious man will thus also find permanent employment to support his family, which, as has been previously stated, is far preferable and agreeable to a virtuous mind than making him the recipient of unconditional alms.

"The Committee have every reason to believe that this Society is rapidly increasing in the public estimation, as all institutions based upon sound and permanent principles always have and always will continue to do so. Let us then hail the time these many Benevolent Associations, firmly established among our people and joined indissolubly to the parent trunk by one common bond of blood and country, shall shed their cheering rays and infuse their genial warmth among the sick and the destitute of our nation—when necessities for our people to resort to municipal charities shall no longer exist. Then, indeed, in one important matter you shall have greatly contributed to the elevation of the national character, when not a Welshman can be seen supplicating for public charity."

The report was received with the most unqualified satisfaction; when it was finished the Recorder of the city of New York addressed the meeting, and in forcible terms expressed his appreciation of its objects. His speech was judicious and excellent, and was received with great enthusiasm.

The meeting afterwards carried a vote of thanks to the President for his zealous course in forwarding the objects of the Society, and then adjourned.

. By mistake, which we much regret, the name of our Agent at Toronto is given as "John W. Balfour," whereas it is simply "John Balfour."

We would invite earnest attention to the advertisement, in our columns to day, of Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens. It is no longer fashionable for persons to write in a scrawl which neither themselves nor their correspondents can read. Elegant calligraphy has now its warm admirers, and hence the inventor of these pens deserves the thanks of the public; for he has manufactured them of all sorts, sizes, and degrees of delicacy; he has fitted them for every possible purpose, and has deprived peevish cavillers of their favourite and conclusive excuse of "Who can make good grammar with a bad pen?"

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Mr. Forrest is fulfilling a short engagement here, and is going over nearly the same ground that has recently been trod by Mr. Macready. He has acted *Richelieu*, *Othello*, and *Claude Melnotte* in his usual approved style, and the theatre has been well filled for the purpose of witnessing his histrionic talents. Of his excellence in these characters we have had abundant occasion to speak, but the present round adopted by him seems to provoke comparison and discussion which will not in all cases result in his favour. Mr. Macready, besides being intimately conversant with scholastic acquirements and imbued with great delicacy of taste, has been schooled, almost through life, in the stage and its requirements. His touch—if we may so express our meaning—is more delicate, of the mental chords, than that of almost any histrionic professor in the world; and it is no disparagement to Mr. Forrest to place him a little lower down in the representation of intellect and feeling. We can admire them both, and so we do, but when two eminent persons are placed so nearly in juxtaposition, it is quite evident that the contact, or even the close approximation must deteriorate one. Still, we know that the world is fond of indulging itself in drawing comparisons, and it is both liberal and independent in the artists to whom we have alluded to submit themselves so freely to critical censorship.

That deservedly popular and every way esteemable artist, Mr. Placide, took his farewell benefit on Thursday evening, previous to his departure for New Orleans. He chose for the occasion two characters which he plays incomparably; viz., *Taradiddle*, in "What will the world say," and *Grandfather Whitehead* in the *petite comedy* of that name. The audience rendered this fine actor the homage so justly due to his talents, and his departure from among us leaves a gap in stage business which we dare not hope will be speedily filled up.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A new piece has been brought out here which bids fair to be popular. It is called "The Queen of the Hudson," and it abounds in comicalities, some of which are a little broad. The scene is laid on the borders of our noble river, and there is a fine representation of Undercliff, painted by Bengough.

BOWERY THEATRE.—At this house nightly is the representation of the "Death and funeral of Napoleon." It is very appropriately selected at this juncture, when the Ex-emperor's faithful adherent is in the city. The spectacle and pageant are got up in the most gorgeous and splendid style, and the theatre is crowded every evening to witness the performances.

Literary Notices.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—New York. Harpers.—This elaborate and invaluable addition to contemporary history has reached to its fifteenth part, or last but one. We understand that it would have been out altogether ere now, but that the enterprising publishers, desirous to make the edition as complete as possible, have been engaged in the preparation of a copious index, which the English edition does not possess. It will be ready in a few days, and when the work shall be fully before the public, they will have such a body of interesting and general history of modern times as is without a parallel in that department of literature.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.—Harpers Edition.—This is a singular work, and required to be handled with singular care. To those who wish to know the details of all phases of society, the work before us may be considered indispensable; and indeed it will offer many a salutary lesson to all. But there are scenes and circumstances which cannot properly be exhibited in all their native atrocity and naked deformity; and the tact of the *raconteur* is well employed in describing the truth under the veil of subdued language. Should the writer in a foreign language have neglected this in any degree, his translator must in his turn endeavour to convey his labors in becoming terms. We think that in the edition before us, this has been done as far as possible, and whilst we are aware that, from the excitement of the subject and the *prestige* of character which it has already obtained, it will have an immense circulation, we rejoice to perceive the vigilance with which the labor has been prosecuted. We have already noticed the commencement of a similar publication by Mr. Winchester of this city, which is in a forward state, and is a highly meritorious translation; and we perceive that in Boston there is, simultaneous with these, another republication of the same work.

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER.—New York. Harpers.—The fifth number of this splendid work is now published, and the continuation proceeds regularly forward.

GOULD'S ABRIDGEMENT OF ALISON'S EUROPE.—New York. Winchester.—We cannot give unqualified praise to this publication. Not that there is much to cavil at, as far as it goes, but that it can scarcely be called an abridgement of the entire work, but a brief paraphrase of a part of it. One part, which has been left out altogether because the abridger considers it "a gratuitous libel," is injurious both to the writer and to the party said to be libelled. If it be a libel, hold up the man who does the wrong to public contempt or castigation *with his libel about his neck*; but do not condemn him unheard; do not suppress his work and then tell the party affected that it is in honest indignation; such conduct is rather too much like that of Macbeth, who in pretended fury killed the grooms who might have been but awkward evidence. To the general reader however, this is a clever summary of history, within the bounds prescribed to it.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

THIRD CONCERT OF MADAME DAMOREAU AND M. ARTOT.—This concert, which was announced and intended as the last to be given by these celebrated artists, at this period, took place at the Washington Hotel on Monday evening last. The sale of tickets had been immense, and the number of persons who paid at the doors at an early hour of the evening, prevented hundreds of those who had purchased their tickets from being able to obtain admittance. In short, the concert-room was a perfect jam of visitors, there being, according to general estimation, not fewer than fifteen hundred persons present. In consequence, it was announced by Mr. Timm that in order to gratify the present holders of tickets another and positively the last concert would be given on Friday (yesterday) evening. The announcement was received with the most unqualified satisfaction. Madame Damoreau was not in quite so good voice as usual, but she is so completely *en artiste* in all she does that she never fails to captivate. The "Grand air du Serment" was so beautifully given that she was encored in the loudest manner; she complied, and sang the last movement over again. The "Duo Concertante" also, which she sings with violin accompaniment obligato, was done in charming style by both parties; but the real gem of the evening was "Le Tremolo," a capriccio on the violin upon a motif by Beethoven. In this, whilst there is a tremulous rapid arpeggio across all the strings with the bow, the subject is clearly and distinctly marked in the midst of it. We may best describe this effect by reminding our readers of the rapid running passage in Thalberg's "Pregiera" of Moses, where both hands are engaged in the accompaniment, yet the air is distinctly struck. It electrified the house, and put the violinists in amazement. M. Artot was exceedingly happy in his Fantasia from "Norma;" in short, it was a charming concert, and we have no doubt that the ticket holders would have to repair betimes to the room last night, in order to make their tickets effective.

CONCERT OF SIGNORA DE GONI AND M. KNOOP.—We are indebted to the report of a critical friend for the details of this concert, which we were unable to attend. Of both these artists we have had frequent occasion to speak in high terms of commendation; the lady as a Guitarist, the gentleman as a Violin-cellist; both are at the very head of their several departments, nervous, powerful, tasteful, and artistic; and we learn that they well sustained their reputations on the evening of their concert, which—we omitted to say—took place on Friday evening, the 27th ult., at the Apollo Saloon. Madame de Goni was assisted in a duet by Signor Coupa, an excellent professor of the Guitar, and the concert

was still further varied by the accession of *Miss Sophia Gjertz*, pianist at the court of Denmark, and Mr Etienne, primo basso cantante of Thoulouse, accompanied by M. Etienne, pianist of this city. In short, we learn that the whole affair was a great musical treat, for the most part instrumental, as will be perceived, but giving great satisfaction to the ears of critical musicians.

SEÑOR MIRO THE PIANIST.—Upon looking over what we said concerning this fine artist, and comparing it with several specimens of his skill and taste which we have subsequently had the pleasure of hearing, we find that we have but coldly described his merits, and given a very inadequate idea of his surpassing talents. Señor Miro is decidedly and emphatically master of the Pianoforte, and of both the hands which play upon it. The rapidity and clearness of his touch are remarkable, for even the most attenuated tone is distinctly enunciated, and his passages are so completely at his command that he never scrambles, nor does he omit a note under any circumstance, with either hand. But the trill and the running accompaniment are his chief excellencies, and in these he perfectly electrifies all who understand the genius of the Piano. We understand that this accomplished artist is only here on his way to Havana, where he has engagements of a highly advantageous nature. Being known to many gentlemen here, both personally and by reputation, he was prevailed upon by them to give a concert, which was got up hastily and without due notice to the public; it was consequently a comparative failure; and he now gives another—but one positively—with sufficient notice thereof, rather for the purpose of doing justice to his *amour-propre* than for emolument, and will sail immediately to fulfil his engagements at Havana. We trust that musical amateurs will avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain a treat of the highest quality.

* * * Mr. Judah Dobson, of Philadelphia, has commenced the re-publication, in an elegant form, of the collection of Scotch airs for the voice which was published in Edinburgh by G. Thomson, F.A.S. These airs have introductions and concluding symphonies and accompaniments, which were composed expressly for the work by Pleyel, Haydn, Weber, Beethoven, &c. &c., and the words of most of the songs are by Burns. It will be completed in 30 numbers or 5 volumes, and will form a delightful addition to a musical library.

* * * We have been positively assured that the celebrated violinist *Ole Bull* will arrive here in a few weeks; and further, that *Vicentemps*, who is considered by many as the King of Violinists, will be among us in the ensuing Spring.

Wellington and Bonaparte.—The Duke of Wellington, on his return from India, occupied the house in St. Helena which was assigned to Bonaparte on his being exiled there; and subsequently the Duke, during the occupation of Paris by the allied troops, occupied Bonaparte's palace, which gave rise to the following letter to Admiral Malcolm, who commanded at St. Helena. It is a literary curiosity, and ought to shame idlers:—

“Paris, April 3, 1816.

“My dear Malcolm,—I am very much obliged to you for Mr. Simpson's book, which I will read when I shall have a moment's leisure. I am glad you have taken the command at St. Helena, and upon which I congratulate you—*see must never be idle if we can avoid it*. You may tell ‘Bony’ that I find his apartments at the Elysee Bourbon very convenient, and that I hope he likes mine at Mr. Malcolm's. It is a droll sequel enough to the affairs of Europe that we should change places of residence. I am yours most sincerely,

“Rear-Admiral Sir P. Malcolm.

WELLINGTON.”

Promotion.—A gentleman rode up to a public-house in the country, and asked “Who is the master of this house?” “I am, Sir,” replied the landlord, “my wife has been dead about three weeks.”

A certain actor being asked the other day which he thought the finest passage in Shakespeare, replied—“As an actor, and judging from my own heart, I should say that, as evincing his intimate acquaintance with human nature, it is this:—

“Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so high
As BENEFITS forgot.”

Lord Brougham.—Yesterday (Sept. 19) was the anniversary of the birth of the eloquent and versatile Lord Brougham, his Lordship having been born on the 19th of Sept., 1779.

A correspondent of the “Societe Belge de Librairie” has written word that the atrocious practice, which has lately prevailed at Naples of throwing inflammable matters on ladies' dresses in public walks, has caused several dreadful calamities. His own daughter, a fine young woman of eighteen, was burnt alive in the open day, in the middle of the Strada di Toledo.

The Briefless Barrister in France.—At the rising of the courts the briefless barrister resumes his thread-bare great-coat, and commences a promenade through the streets, which is continued far on into the night—a promenade which may be termed the silent hunt. At the least tumult which he scents from a distance he hurries up, mingles with the crowd, and inquires—“No, a cat worried by the butcher's dog.” “Very well; I am an advocate! Who is the owner of the cat? We will bring an action.” “The cat has no owner—it is a stray cat.” What fatality! He is half tempted to kill the dog, out of sheer anger. In the thick of the crowd he feels a hand in his pocket, and his handkerchief slipping out. He says nothing; he lets things take their course. When he is certain that the offence is complete, he turns about, lays violent hands on the delinquent, and delivers him over to the police. “At last,” exclaims the client hunter, “I have a client. Pickpocket, my friend, I will defend you.” “Thanks,” replies the pickpocket, “but I have my regular standing counsel.”

BALZAC.

A Carmelite nun died on the 27th ult., at Placencia (Spain), aged 108. She lived in the reigns of Philip V., Ferdinand VI., Charles III., Charles IV., and Ferdinand VII. She also witnessed the reigns of nine Popes—Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Clement XIII., Clement XIV., Pius VI., Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XIV. She was seventy-nine years in the cloister.

NEW YORK RIDING ACADEMY, No. 65 and 67 Watt Street, between Hudson and Greenwck Street, fronting on Canal Street, is open every day in the week (Sundays excepted). Ladies' hours from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M. Gentlemen's hours from 6 to 8 A.M., and from 4 to 6 P.M. Proprietors Messrs. CODDINGTON & McMANN. Teacher Mr. Wm. R. DERR. Nov. 4-11.

Park Theatre.

MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 6.—Last night but 3 of Mr. FORREST'S Engagement—“Metamora,”—Metamora, Mr. Forrest.

TUESDAY—Last night but two of Mr. Forrest's Engagement—“Macbeth,”—Macbeth, Mr. Forrest.

WEDNESDAY—Last night but one of Mr. Forrest's Engagement—“King Lear,”—Lear, Mr. Forrest.

THURSDAY—Last night of Mr. Forrest's Engagement.

FRIDAY—Mr. Forrest's Benefit.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

The “Principality Pen,” No. 1, extra fine points.
Do do 2, fine do
Do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph GilloTT's Calligraphic Pen, No. 2—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a groce, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—
Abbotsford, Stratford-upon-Avon,
Newstead Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,
The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington. The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—
Patent, Magnum Bonum,
Victoria, Damascus,
Eagle, New York Fountain,
Peruvian,

on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full “Joseph GilloTT” and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.

A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, “GilloTT's,” also for sale. Nov. 4-11.

WANTED, A PARTNER, either silent or a practical man, with one or two thousand dollars. Good security will be given for the money advanced, and also for a profit of 25 per cent., on the capital. For particulars, apply to Wm. Russell, Florist, &c., at the Garden, Henry St., near the South Ferry, Brooklyn, L.I. Sept. 23-31.

Sandersons' Franklin House,

CHESTNUT STREET,

Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.

PHILADELPHIA.

[July 15-3m]

VALE'S GLOBE AND TRANSPARENT CELESTIAL SPHERE, Price \$22, smaller size \$15.—This instrument comprises two Globes in union as in Nature, an Armillary Sphere, a Planetarium, and a universal Sun Dial; it will resolve all the principles and facts in Astronomy, in a simple easy manner. It is a model of Nature, with whose movements it corresponds. To be had at Vale's Nautical School, 94 Rosevelt Street, New York, where also Lessons on the Instrument may be obtained. Sept. 23-11.

PRIVATE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, under the direction of Mrs. HENRY WRE-KS, No. 2 Albion Place, Fourth Street, N. Y.

REFERENCES.—Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. L. P. W. Balch, Josiah Archibald, Esq., Edward Whitehouse, Esq., Edward F. Sanderson, Esq., Ven'ble Archdeacon Cummins, (Island of Trinidad), Hon. W. H. Burnley, (Island of Trinidad), Anthony Barclay, Esq., (British Consul), Joseph Blain, Esq., Joseph Fowler, Esq., Arent S. Depeyster, Esq., H. Feugnet, Esq., Alex. Von Pfister, Esq., Dr. Wetherill, (Philadelphia), Joseph Lawton, Esq., (Charleston), Capt. W. Salter, U.S.N., Dr. Heales, Dr. T. O. Porter, Dr. Bartlett, Ramsay Crooks, Esq., Wm. Muir, Esq., (British Consul, New Orleans), Robert Clark, Esq., (New Orleans.) Aug. 19-11.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, Aug. 15, 1843.

TO the Sheriff of the County and City of New York.—Sir,—Notice is hereby given, that at the next general Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: a Senator for first Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of Morris Franklin, on the last day of December next.

Also the following County officers, to wit: thirteen Members of Assembly, a Sheriff, in the place of Monmouth B. Hart, whose term will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk, in the place of Nathaniel Jarvis, whose term of service will expire on the said day. And a Coroner, in the place of Cornelius Archer, whose term will expire on said day.

Yours respectfully,

S. YOUNG, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, Aug. 19, 1843.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such cases made and provided.

MONMOUTH B. HART, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election. See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. 5, title 3d, part 1st, 104. Sect. 2.

WEBSTER AND NORTON,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

New Orleans.

L. J. Webster,

A. L. Norton,

Reference—G. Merle, Esq., and Wilson & Brown, N. Y.

Aug. 26-11.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beckman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.

Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m *

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ACQUIRE A KNOWLEDGE OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, (PRICE 25 CENTS.)

FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER.

On the Robertsonian Method.—In Six Easy Lessons.

Mr. Robertson, an eminent English scholar, spent his whole life in acquiring a perfect knowledge of, and teaching the French language; and in the end he produced such a simple and at the same time most singularly thorough explanation of the French idiom and pronunciation as to render it entirely unnecessary for those who use his work to employ the services of a teacher.

The critics of the day concede that a person may learn to speak the French language in a very short space of time by an attentive perusal of this little work; and at the same time the learner is preparing himself for the study of the grammar, should he wish to acquire perfect composition.

It is well known that for all practical purposes, an Englishman or an American, only wishes to converse in French, and to be able to read the language. For such acquisition, the present work is eminently calculated; and we do not hesitate to say that a person going to France, who is entirely ignorant of the language may learn enough on his voyage, with the aid of this little book, to enable him to converse in French easily, on his arrival, it is therefore the most useful work on the French language ever issued from the press.

The whole SIX LESSONS are now published complete in one number of the MONTHLY LIBRARY, at the low price of 25 cents, or five copies for one dollar.

The postage on the work—it being issued in the form of a two sheet periodical—cannot exceed five cents in any part of the Union; and under 100 miles it will be only three cents. Letters should be addressed to

WILSON & CO., Publishers,

162 Nassau-st., New York.

A CARD.—J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, has removed his office to No. 6 Ann Street, (office of the Anglo American), where he will be pleased to supply News Agents and others (at Publishers' prices) with the “Phil. Sat. Courier,” “Post,” and “Museum,” Boston “Uncle Sam,” “Yankee Nation,” and “Boston Pilot,” “Anglo American,” “New Mirror,” “Weekly Herald,” “Brother Jonathan,” “New World,” “Rover,” &c., and all the Daily Papers, Newspapers, Magazines and Books, carefully Packed and forwarded by Steamboat and Express. J. A. TUTTLE, News Agent, No. 6 Ann Street, Aug. 19-11.

For the Anglo American.

EARTH'S BEAUTIES SOON FADE.

How soon earth's beauties fade away,
We've nothing we can call our own,
Their charms in memory only stay,
We gaze, admire, and lo! they're gone!
Even friends whom once we fondly loved,—
We seek their counsel;—where are they?
Their friendship we have often proved;
They too are gone—they're passed away!
They're dead. But they will live again
In forms more beautiful, more bright,
Though in the grave they long have lain,
We'll meet again in realms of light.

New York, Oct. 14, 1843.

THE WANDERER.

Varieties.

The *Story-Teller* contains some unpublished verses by George Canning addressed to Mrs. Leigh, a lady of fortune, who had given him, apparently, the stuff for some shooting-breeches. How soon fashions change! The verses are smart, and the author indulges in no licence; yet none would now-a-days think them in the best taste to address to a lady, by way of epithalamium, or at least a wedding-anniversary salute, as these were; for they were addressed "to Mrs. Leigh on her Wedding-day"—

"While all to this auspicious day,
Well pleased, their heartfelt homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
A hundred civil speeches,
My muse shall strike her tuneful strings,
Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,
Though humble be the theme she sings—
A pair of shooting-breeches.
"Soon shall the tailor's subtle art
Have made them tight, and spruce, and smart,
And fastened well in every part
With twenty thousand stitches:
Mark then the moral of my song—
Oh! may your loves but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these my shooting-breeches.
"And when, to ease the load of life,
Of private care, and public strife,
My lot shall give to me a wife,
I ask not rank or riches;
For worth like thine alone I pray,
Temper like thine, serene and gay,
And formed like thee to give away,
Not wear herself, the breeches."

The ancient *Solemn League and Covenant*—the original document—is stated to be visible at the Museum of Antiquities, now open at Leeds, the property of Mr. Brown of Glasgow, who has "refused 400 guineas for it."

The *City-Jester* has been so applauded for his pun about *As-part-hero* being entertained at the Mansion-house, that on reading the dispute as to the presence of another, but obnoxious, Spanish general, he declared that it was *No-go-ware-house!* Monstrous.

USELESSNESS OF FORTIFICATIONS.—*La Presse* of Monday last, in an article on the fortifications of Paris, takes notice of a work published by M. Vanvilliers, a colonel of engineers, who assisted at the greatest battles of the empire in Germany and in Spain, and who took an active part in directing the fortifications of Soissons, Belfort, and Grenoble, in France. The result of his researches demonstrates that, during 24 campaigns of the revolution, of 144 great battles fought with the assistance of fortresses or retrachments, 120 were lost, and only five gained. In examining the famous war of seven years, of 84 great battles, 7 were gained without fortifications, 7 with their assistance, and 20 were lost notwithstanding their aid. The statistics published by the same author prove that Napoleon, in 1814, had more than 250,000 men in the fortresses occupied by his troops; in those of France alone 120,000. Here, the author exclaims, what would not the great captain have accomplished, if to the 40,000 men with whom he defeated superior forces at Chateau Thierry, Montmirail, Vauchamp, Mormant, Montereau, he could have added 50,000 men so uselessly absorbed in garrisons! On the subject of fortified capitals, the author retraces all the misfortunes which desolated in ancient times the finest capitals in the world—Jerusalem, Palmyra, Rome, Constantinople, although protected by extensive fortifications. And in modern times Naples, Genoa, Venice, Alexandria, Turin, Warsaw, Constantinople, Brussels, Amsterdam, Algiers, and even the Kremlin lost in a few days, notwithstanding their fortifications; whilst in Paris in 1792, Berlin in the seven years' war, Madrid, and Lisbon were saved without ramparts.

WESTERN AFRICA A CURE FOR THE CONSUMPTION.—In excessively moist climates there is a tendency in the vital fluid to become surcharged with carbonic acid gas, the rather as the lungs themselves there act with less energy; for heat and moisture combined tend to lessen the amount and completeness of the respiratory process. The prophylactic and curative influence of the western coast of Africa, in cases of pulmonary disease, are recorded in many instances. The atmosphere of this luxuriant shore would appear to be better calculated than any other to allow of reparative processes taking place in the respiratory organs; their action being greatly lessened, they have time to rest and recover themselves. Mrs. Lee (late Bowditch), the graphical authoress of *Stories of Strange Lands*, gives a remarkable instance of the influence of the atmosphere of Africa in preserving, for upwards of twenty years, the life of a gentleman who at an early age arrived at Cape Coast Castle apparently dying of consumption; he, however, in a few months perfectly recovered his health, and, during a period of nearly twenty years residence in the country, knew comparatively little of illness. He made one or two excursions during the interval to Europe; and, judging from these that he had outlived all danger he returned at length to England to enjoy the rest of his days. One winter, however, painfully convinced him, that he was even more susceptible of the changes of our climate than he had ever been; and when it was too late, he sought a milder atmosphere. Not finding Madeira warm enough, he sailed for Jamaica, where he sank into the grave. It would appear, therefore, that notwithstanding all the praises which have been bestowed on the lovely island Madeira, that resting place for the phthisical invalid, whose scenery is so grand and imposing,

and whose air is so soft and balmy, yet Africa with all her faults, is the true garden of Eden for those labouring under consumption.

POWER EXERTED BY BIRDS IN THEIR FLIGHT.

The degree in which the wings act in raising the body, or in propelling it through the air, varies considerably in different animals, according to the way in which they are set. Thus, in birds of prey, which require a rapid horizontal motion, the surface of the wings is very oblique, so that they strike backwards as well as downwards, and thus impel the body forwards while sustaining it in the air. Such birds find a difficulty in rising perpendicularly; and can in fact only do so by flying against the wind, which then acts upon the inclined surface of the wings just as it does upon that of a kite. On the other hand, the lark, quail, and such other birds as rise to great heights in a direction nearly vertical, have the wings so disposed as to strike almost directly downwards. It has been estimated that a swallow, when simply sustaining itself in the air, is obliged to use as much force to prevent its fall, as would raise its own weight to a height of about twenty six feet in a second. Hence we may form some idea of the enormous expenditure of force which must take place when the body is not only supported but raised and propelled through the air. The eider-duck is said to fly ninety miles in an hour, and the hawk one hundred and fifty. The swallow and swift pass nearly the whole of the long summer days upon the wing, in search of food for themselves and their helpless offspring; and the rapidity of their flight is such that they can scarcely traverse less than seven or eight hundred mile in that time, although they go but a short distance from home. The flight of insects is even more remarkable for its velocity in proportion to their size: thus a swallow, which is one of the swiftest flying of the birds, has been seen to chase a dragon-fly for some time without success; the insect always keeping about six feet in advance of the bird, and turning to one side and the other so instantaneously, that the swallow, with all its powers of flight and tact in chasing insects, was unable to capture it.

If the preceding estimate of the power expended by a bird in sustaining itself in the air be correct, it may be easily proved that it would be impossible for a man to sustain himself in the air, by means of his muscular strength alone in any manner that he is capable of applying it. It is calculated that a man of ordinary strength can raise 13½ pounds to a height of 3½ feet per second, and can continue this exertion for eight hours in the day. He will then exert a force capable of raising (13½X60X60X8) 381,600 pounds to a height of 3½ feet; or one-eighth that amount, namely 47,800 pounds, to the height of 26 feet—which, as we have seen, is that to which the bird would raise itself in one second by the force it is obliged to exert in order to sustain itself in the air. Now if we suppose it possible, that a man could by any means concentrate the whole muscular power required for such a day's labour into as short a period as the accomplishment of this object requires, we might find the time during which it would support him in the air, by simply dividing this amount by his weight, which we may take to be 150 pounds. The quotient is 318, which is the number of seconds during which the expenditure of a force that would raise 47,700 pounds to a height of twenty-six feet will keep his body supported in the air; and this is but little more than five minutes. There is no possible means, however by which a man could thus concentrate the force of eight hours' labour into the short interval in which he would have to expend it when supporting himself in the air. And we have elsewhere seen (*Mechanics*, § 285,) that by no combination of mechanical powers can force be created; as these only enable force to be more advantageously applied. Hence, the problem of human flight will never be solved, until some source of power shall be discovered far surpassing that which his muscular strength affords, and so portable in its nature as not materially to add to his weight.

NEW VOLUME.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, OF ENLARGED DIMENSIONS.

DEVOTED TO ENTERTAINING LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, POLITICS, DEBATES, COMMERCE, ARTS AND SCIENCES, GENERAL CRITICISM, AND MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

A New Volume of this Journal will be commenced on Saturday next, the 28th inst., and continued as usual every Saturday.

The Plan and conduct of this Journal having now been so long before the public, the Proprietors flatter themselves that they may venture to express their hope that THE ANGLO AMERICAN has sustained the pretensions which were originally asserted for it. This at least they can say, that they have faithfully endeavoured to make it the vehicle of solid and useful information, polite literature of the most approved grade, interesting in its subjects, amusing and agreeable in its selections, pure in its morals, moderate in its discussions, and consistent in its principles.

The liberal patronage of "troops of friends" has not only enabled it to frown down illiberal attacks from vindictive yet impotent malice, but has also enabled the Proprietors to make valuable arrangements both at home and abroad, for original contributions in every department of literature and information; through which means it is confidently trusted that THE ANGLO AMERICAN will be found the most interesting, the most abounding in useful matter, and the cheapest Weekly Publication issued upon this Continent.

The first Volume of this work is accompanied by a beautiful mezzotint engraving of King Louis Philippe, which Portrait was presented to the subscribers who paid in advance for one year. The forthcoming Plate from this office consists of a magnificent full-length

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

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